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Worship The King

The Birthday of the King

By MRS. PAUL E. CARSON, San Francisco, California

IT is a night in late December in a modern western city. Everywhere there is evidence of the celebration of Christmas. Through the lighted windows of homes may be seen the twinkle of tiny lights on evergreen trees. Holly wreaths, tied with huge bows of red ribbon, are hung on friendly doors.

The hurrying throngs are laden with packages. Shop girls are drooping from weariness as they crowd the clanging street cars. Colored lights, of red and green, flash the greeting, "Merry Christmas!" Through an open church door are born the familiar strains of "O Little Town Of Bethlehem," and our hearts join prayerfully in Phillips Brooks' words;—

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin
And enter in;
Be born in us today."

There is an absence of a familiar element in this Christmas picture, which might otherwise be true of many cities. There are no falling snowflakes, no sound of crunching snow under hurrying feet, in this city by the Golden Gate.

Our path leads away from the crowded city streets. We turn into the park where the grass is green, and flowers are in blossom. Calla lilies lift their white chalices to the December sky, and the Christmas rose is blooming. We are conscious of the soft starlight in the deep blue of the heavens. The thought comes, that it might have been just such a night when Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Then, as though our thoughts had carried us back over the years, and across the miles of space, we come suddenly to a most amazing sight!

A RE-ENACTMENT

For there, in a meadow, a flock of sheep graze contentedly. High above them, seeming to rest in the leafy branches of a tree, shines a bright star. Guarding the flock are shepherds clad, apparently, in the very robes they wore on the first Christmas night. Each shepherd holds a

crook; and as we gaze in wonder, we see an ewe come close to a shepherd, pause for a moment, then lie down at his feet.

There is a hush over the entire scene, although many people have come to look upon this wondrous reproduction of the "shepherds abiding in a field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." There is a curious air of expectancy, as though at any moment there might be a rush of angel wings, and a voice saying, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy!" Here a mother holds her child high in her arms, as the scene is impressed upon his infant mind. There an old man bows his head in reverence.

A shepherd moves toward a spot where the grass grows more luxuriantly. The sheep follow: one, a weakling, stumbles. The shepherd gently lifts it, carrying it as he leads the way. Unbidden tears fill our eyes as the words of Isaiah almost make themselves heard: "He will feed His flock like a shepherd; He will gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and will gently lead those that have their young." Born among shepherds, He who was to become the Shepherd of men, knew and loved the flocks.

What promises of God lead down through the years, through the history of the chosen people, to this simple pastoral scene, re-enacted for our modern world? Shall we merely gaze upon it for a moment, our emotions touched, then pass on, with only a beautiful picture to hang on memory's wall? Or shall we, as did Mary, "ponder these things," in our hearts?

No ear may hear His coming—
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will
Receive Him still
The dear Lord enters in.

In the proclamation "there is born —a Saviour—which is Christ the Lord," the hopes of centuries are fulfilled. The "Christ," claims that He is the fulfiller of the prophecy, perfectly endowed for his office of prophet, priest, king. He is greater than Moses the lawgiver, than David the king, than Isaiah the prophet.

The life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, differs in one momentous respect from that of every other one who has ever lived upon earth. His existence did not begin with His birth. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." . . . "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

As joyously anticipated as are the babies which come into our homes, never was there a birth so long expected, nor so greatly desired, as that of the baby Jesus.

In Genesis we find the promise to Abraham, that in him "shall all the families of the earth be blessed." God promised Moses a new prophet. The historical books of the Old Testament tell the story of the chosen line from which the Saviour of men came. Every period in that story is of value because it is a link in the chain of God's historical revelations which lead to Christ, by laying down principles which He alone could fulfil.

The Apostles quote freely from the Old Testament to show how vitally it was connected in every way with Christ. With them, we may through Christ see the Old Testament in a new light, and discover the brightness of His glory on almost every page.

In the days of Ahaz, Isaiah prophesied thus: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." And again, "For unto us a child is born . . . and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince Of Peace." "There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse" . . . "A light to the Gentiles."

From Jeremiah we take these words; "Saith the Lord, I will perform that good thing I have promised unto the house of Israel and to the house of Judah. In those days I will cause the Branch of righteousness to grow up."

In Micah we read, "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be ruler of Israel: whose goings have been from of old, from everlasting."

* * * *

Mary had known these prophecies. Mingled with her astonishment in having been chosen to bear to the world God's gift of love for that world, was exultant joy. Out of that joy came the first Hymn of the Nativity. Mary began her song "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." She speaks the language of the Scripture. She expects her Son to fulfil all the promises of the years, all the hopes of Israel.

And "lo the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold" —

It is night in Bethlehem. All day people have been flocking to this little Judean town. It is again the year when the census is taken in the Roman world. Caesar has granted as a concession to their custom that the Jews are to be registered in their ancestral home. Now that the day has ended, quiet reigns in the little town.

The Inn-keeper has retired. His house is full, and he is tired after the strain of the day. He is roused by a knock at the door. Standing in the open doorway, peering into the darkness, he sees two weary travellers in dire need of shelter; a woman, heavy with her precious burden of new life, and a man, urgent in his need to find a place of rest for the woman.

There is nothing left,—but wait! In the cave-stable the manger has been filled with clean new hay, all that is left of the flowers and grass that covered the hillside during the warm growing days of summer. It is not much to offer, but they are welcome.

So, to the lowly stable goes Mary to await the birth of her little Son.

Presently, the shepherds "keeping watch over their flocks" were startled, for "the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . And ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!"

It is the birthday of the King!

Christmas In Many Lands*

Christmas in The Sudan

By MISS FRANCES TURK, R.N., Khartum North, The Sudan

CHRISTMAS joys do not begin with the blessed day itself but weeks before the twenty-fifth of December. This is true in the United States and is likewise true here in our Christian school and community. Christmas programs begin to be talked about and planned for early in the autumn. Children are chosen for their respective parts and they begin to memorize and to act. Carols are in the air all through December. Letters and packages begin to arrive as early as November and our children commence to wear faces full of special interest and expectancy. For eighteen years boxes have been coming from my own church, Second Wilkinsburg, Pa. Is it any wonder that children know to eagerly watch? Mamma dolls, dresses, materials for dresses, buckles and buttons, games, balls, pencils and school supply boxes, sweaters, and many such joys have been bringing Christmas gladness to the hearts of this family of ours. No, it is no wonder that they watch.

This year these boxes came early. They came with me in the early summer. How glad we were that these arrived with me. The box that usually comes from the W.G. M.S. has not yet arrived. The world is at war and transportation is both expensive and uncertain. The post office staff missed lots of fun. They usually enjoy seeing some new member of their staff handling with fear and trembling the boxes containing Mamma Dolls who cry out each time the boxes are moved. These inexperienced men are superstitious and they feel that evil spirits are enclosed in such boxes. They handle them with a great deal of caution which insures also the safe arrival of each doll.

Two days before, our four youngest children helped me fix up a tree. There are no evergreen pines in the Sudan. But we have beautiful thorn trees that grow up in spite of us everywhere. These we have in abundance in our compound. We took branches off the nicest trees and planted them into a huge tin filled with wet sand. A few rocks at its mouth immobilized the tree and there she stood a challenge to all the winds that blow. The tin was wrapped in brown wrapping paper which looked like the desert, and it was tied with a bow of red ribbon that always reminds one of Christmas. Then we trimmed it with nice new tinsel which I brought from the 5 and 10 cent stores and put on it a few spangled balls. None of us care for too much on the tree so that this was quite enough to our liking. Then late that night when all had gone to sleep, to the lovely soft accompaniment of Christmas Carols coming over my radio from the ends of the earth, I wrapped up gifts for the children and hung them onto the tree and placed some about the tree on the floor. Among these gifts were dolls, balls, sweets, shoes, dresses. It was

*The following articles describe Christmas 1939.

late when I finished, because I had not hurried. I didn't want to go to bed and miss the early moments of Christmas. I sat by the radio and there in the stillness of Christmas eve feasted upon the world's music contribution to the praise and adoration of our King. I wondered what would become of all the praise converted into wave-sounds and sent out into the vastness of our universe.

I went to bed to think, to sleep, to dream. It seemed no time until the sun and the children awoke me and there it was—Christmas Day. The children were restless to get up. They knew that this was the day of which much had been said. They wanted to see the tree. We all went into the house together and there in a corner of our big living room stood the tree with all the gaudy packages on and about it. Each scampered to be first at the tree. Such shouts of joy as we heard for the next fifteen minutes! Helen said, "Oh, aunt Frances, I'm so happy, I was happy all night—Christmas must have gone to bed with me!" And so it had with all of us and thus it continued throughout the whole day. Soon I turned on the radio and there was America—Pittsburgh broadcasting to its missionaries in the far North. Dr. Kerr was the speaker and there was magnificent music! But, soon I was reminded that it was getting late and guests were due at 8:30 for breakfast. There as no sound of the boy in the kitchen starting the fire. I hastened out and started the wheels of breakfast. Soon the lad appeared and we two hurriedly spread breakfast and were almost ready when the guests appeared. Fortunately one was a bit late, though unfortunately in one way because we had to then hurry with food in order to get to the Episcopal Cathedral at Khartum by 10 o'clock for the Christmas services. There were to be the soldiers who would parade and we wanted to miss none of it. We had grapefruit, muffins and bacon, and coffee and interesting conversation. We were dressed in our new Christmas dresses and being so hurried it was all very thrilling.

The Christmas service was beautiful; there was fine music and the old, old message given to us with a new freshness that did our hearts good. The Cathedral was filled. There were few women. Mostly there were soldiers in uniforms, officers with chest covered with med-

Glimpses at Christmas time. You will miss the snow. We are out on a little patch of grass showing off our gifts. The girls have jumping ropes that came from America. The girls are delighted with them, but even though these girls are quite large, they envy the kiddies who received dolls.

als; bright buttons shining in the sunlight, and there were stars on sleeves and swords in sheathes hanging at sides. It all looked very pretty but it savoured of war. And what we had just heard was a message of peace! What strange contradiction!

After the service we stood on the sidelines while the soldiers paraded past. We met and chatted with friends.

We lunched at home, Marguerite and I, and for dessert we had a most delicious Heinz plum pudding with a hard sauce. In the afternoon we had more callers then a tea-supper and a Christmas evening with our mission circle.

It was not until a week later before the Eastern Christmas on the 7th of January that we had Christmas and treat for the whole school. There was a very nice program, one day for the grown-ups, and another day for the children after which the gifts were given. Once again there was rejoicing mostly with the dolls. Dresses too, were a source of much happiness and balls for the boys. Even nice American pencils made glad the many kiddies that received them.

We thank you all for the joy you brought to the hearts of our children. We wish for the deeper joy brought and made possible by that great gift of which our Christmas gifts to each other are but a symbol.

Christmas in Sialkot Hospital

By MISS EVELYN McKELVEY, R.N., On furlough, Chicago, Illinois

THE up-an-about patients and their relatives were busily making colored paper chains and pasting triangular colored paper "flags" on long strings, which in turn would festoon the wards, halls and verandas of the spacious hospital building. Even the spotless, pure operating room must be allowed its one decoration—a wonderful red paper bell, sent all the way from that distant great America.

A feeling of joy and anticipation filled the atmosphere. Even those fighting pain and discouragement forgot, for a little in this new ex-

Christmas dinner in the Children's Ward Sialkot Hospital, Sialkot, India. Hospital staff seated from left to right: Gwyneath Porter, R.N., Evelyn McKelvey, R.N., Glendine Lundquist, R.N., Miss Kate Hill, Superintendent, Mrs. Hamburger, D.D.S., Dr. Hamburger, Dr. Hunsberger.

citment. Each newcomer was pounced upon, before ever she had a chance to ask the reason for all the gaiety.

"What! Do you not know? This is a time of great joy for the 'Jesus People,' because their God gave up His heavenly throne to be born into the dark sinful world as a little Babe. They celebrate His Birthday tomorrow. Come, let us ask old Kewan, who has become one of them, to tell us about it. She knows her sins are forgiven and she also knows, wonder of wonders, what her future life will be and has no fear. That is why her face shines so, come and listen!"

In the Christian quarters the people were making preparations also. Here more colored paper festoons were being strung about, clothes were being washed, and Indian cakes and sweetmeats were being baked, for when one goes calling one must not be dirty, nor must one go empty handed. Tomorrow was Christmas, the "Big Day," when they could make merry with friends and forget the taunt of non-Christians that they had no festivals now they had become "Jesus People."

Before midnight the young men and lads gathered with drums, cymbals, flutes, and tambourines to go carolling, and, in the exhuberance of youth, punctuated the most riotous tunes with the explosions of fireworks. When the listeners could stand no more, they dragged themselves from their cozy beds to distribute fruits and sweetmeats—a signal for the carollers to go to the next stopping place.

Christmas morning at 4:30 showed unusual activity in the nurses' home, such giggling, whispering, and scurrying! Finally a little procession set out to make the rounds of the doctors', sisters' (American nurses), and workers' homes, singing in truly musical fashion the lovely old carols, translated into their own tongue, and some newly composed Indian carols, too.

Soon afterwards everyone went into the hospital carrying lighted candles and singing the glad Christmas message in a way all could understand. As the procession passed slowly down the wards each adult patient was given an orange, each child a toy, while the in-between ages received lovely picture scrap-books, so that by the time the last patient had been visited, the sun was rising gloriously.

Later in the morning, when the

One of the Hospital Christian employees and his family all dressed up for Christmas calls.

last necessary duty and task had been completed came the happy time for calling, always so exciting. The Christian families, for the most part, limit their gift exchanges to cooked foodstuffs, but oh, the rapture of calling on the Missionaries with their queer, odd tasting delicacies and to receive in return coins for the fathers, garments for the mothers, and picture books and toys for the children. It gave a special feeling of belonging together in the family of Christ, that made up for all the jibes and taunts and petty persecutions of the non-Christian world.

The climax, of course, was the big family dinner when the Missionaries and converts from the haughty higher castes sat side by side on the floor, sharing the same spiced savories with the humble, self-effacing timid converts from the untouchable outcastes. At this time, too, voices were raised in Psalms of thanksgiving and joy—a witness to all the world of the happiness Jesus brings to those who are wrolly his.

What the Ravens Brought to Fowler Orphanage

By MISS LUCY LIGHTOWLER, Cairo, Egypt

ONCE again Christmas at the Fowler Orphanage has come and gone. To the friends whose generosity has helped house, feed, and clothe the forty-nine little ones, and to make their Christmas joyous as well, we want to send a report that will enable you to share our joy and thankfulness.

Since there is no regular appropriation for this needy work, there have been some anxious moments during the year that has just closed. But the children have been well fed and clothed and once again, we have proved, as throughout many years—"The Lord will provide."

Long ago we know that God used angels and ravens to minister to His children in their need. Just as truly do we know that the "ravens" of today are those into whose hearts God has put generosity, thoughtfulness and love for others.

One of our problems when cold weather came was the great need for shoes. Our hearts were troubled when thirty-four pairs of worn-out shoes were lined up for our inspection. All needed to be replaced for expectant children, and only four pairs and insufficient funds were in hand.

But a Christian Endeavor group in Cairo heard of our need and became our "raven", bringing twenty-nine pairs of usable shoes and more than sufficient money to buy others for all who needed them. So, thanks to them, all the little feet are now warmly and well shod.

An American "raven" sent across the Atlantic, fifty toys that would gladden the heart of any child. Another in Egypt contributed enough to buy every child a pair of new stockings. And we must mention the young "raven" who baked several hundred cookies, and a whole flock who came and sang Christmas carols and left behind enough candy to put in the children's Christmas bags. And we also thank the many friends through whose help it is possible to continue this work.

On Friday night, December 29th, part way between the time when

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How New Christians Regard Christmas

Christmas Comes to India

By MRS. JAMES B. CUMMINGS, Rawalpindi, India

NO Santa Claus and no lighted trees and yet it has been a wonderful Christmas in our church in Rawal Pindi. Mohammedanism and Hinduism are full of festivals and celebrations of many years standing. The very new Christian church has not developed many traditions, so it has been an education for me to see the way in which the Christians celebrate Christmas. To us brought up in the good old U.P. Church in the West, with a series of S.S. picnics, Y.P. socials and church entertainments of various kinds, the celebration of Christmas is on a rather different order that the more simple East. I have loved our homey day in America—full of good food, gifts, one's own dearest ones and lovely music. But it is rather selfish and sometimes not so Christ-centered in the light of the eastern Christian's interpretation.

Christmas eve, after the children are in bed, it takes many attempts to put the final presents under the tree (which, by the way, is a limb cut from a pine tree, made to stand erect and doctored beyond recognizing itself) because coming to my door is a series of serenaders. They are coming to sing carols in Indian verse, sung to native tunes with drum accompaniment. We are prepared with change and refreshments. Often they come in to warm themselves, and while sitting on the floor fill the house with song. It is thrilling. Some of it is almost vigorous enough to literally raise the roof. These visitors may continue most of the night, so we go to bed, and keep our donations in envelopes to be dropped down to the carollers, who usually have some church project for which they collect donations. Singing is a beautiful way to witness to the Saviour's coming, and in a way that India understands. Instead of the sordid street songs that sound through the streets every day, it is one of our most precious experiences to waken to an Indian chorus: "Rejoice, the Savior of the world is born," and we know that all who hear can understand the words. They are proud to shout these words to their countrymen, for this is the Christians' Great Day.

We have our family presents around the tree, rather early. Then the servants come in with greetings, receive their presents and fruit, and we see the clothes they have managed to get dressed up in for this Great Day. We have a simple breakfast, tidy up the house, and run over to say Merry Christmas to the nearby missionary families if they have not come first, then hurry off to church, to be there in ample time to help usher the women. For the church is more than overflowing.

After the service comes the big congregational dinner, with people sitting down in companies on the grass. This is the opportunity for the wealthier members to serve the rest of the congregation. We serve the curry and rice which has been

in the process of preparation most of the night—and do we all eat. It is the one time in the year for some to really eat their fill—and it is a long time until next Christmas. Group singing, competitions, recitations and games follow. But many have their day free only until three o'clock, and so the groups begin to break up. A good many people have brought their own plates to save renting. The others have to be gathered up, washed, counted and returned. The Hindu shops are all open, of course, because this is only the Christian's holiday.

In the evening, because we are Americans, we gather with the other missionaries, for a Western Christmas dinner. One Father dresses up in a wonderful Santa suit, which has stood the test of various sized models, and when he comes in we all watch the eyes of the youngest child. Santa gives out the presents, which are supposed to be only for the children, but some folks have a way of remaining children. We sing "Jingle Bells," as Santa leaves. Dinner follows, then carols and the reading of the precious words which never grow old. Tired? Yes. But happy in being part of that ever growing band in India who are coming to know Christmas as the birthday of their Savior.

How Christians in the Congo Observe Christmas

By JULIA LAKE KELLERSBERGER, Bibanga, Belgian Congo

IT was Christmas Eve. We had driven almost four hundred miles over good African roads, paved with powdered ant hills, that day, hoping to reach Bibanga station in time to participate in the singing of lovely carols with the native Christians at dawn on Christmas morning. At dusk just before crossing the last river a sudden tropical storm beat down upon us deluging the machine and obscuring the road. We sat huddled together in the car with no food or shelter.

Crossing an African river on an African ferry is, at best, a dangerous procedure, but to drive on narrow slippery boards on a slippery raft in the rain is suicidal. As lightning vividly illuminated the swaying, dripping palm trees overhead, and the watery path which lay in front, we decided to turn back to the nearest white settlement.

Our Ford wouldn't start! The engine was glutted! We had visions of remaining all night in that small enclosure, piled high with luggage, cold and hungry, our bodies aching with fatigue. We never start on a journey without prayer for God's guidance and journeying mercies. This had been done early in the morning and all day we had thanked Him for good roads and a good car. It was time for a second prayer service, so we held our breath while one more attempt was made to start the engine. The noise that our car made on that occasion was as music to our ears. With thankful hearts we turned about and retraced our watery way.

Arriving unexpectedly at a nearly deserted hotel at so late an hour on such a night, no preparation, of course had been made for our hospitality, but we were graciously given a cup of tea and a straw bed. Lying weary and hungry in this

wayside inn in a far country, our minds reviewed another inn and another bed at such a time. A warmth came into our souls and the real meaning of Christmas dawned as never before. Suddenly we heard exquisite music as of angels' voices singing, "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth Peace Good-will to men." Was it a beautiful illusion or merely a dream as we slipped into sleep. We strained our ears to listen.

It was just three o'clock and still dark and cold. Nearer and nearer, deeper and richer were the voices singing: "Silent Night, Holy Night," in the beautiful native tongue. It was a group of joyous African Christians, awakening the dawn with their Christmas music. No white missionary was there to lead them. It was a spontaneous expression of their gratitude to God for the birth of His Son. In their little church shed made of mud and sticks with a thatched roof, there was no Christmas tree with lighted tapers, there were no gifts in tinseled paper, no Christmas goodies, but the Spirit of Christmas was in their hearts and the Spirit of Christ was shining upon their faces. God had used the African to teach us the real meaning of the Birth of His Son. From *Congo Crosses.*

WHAT THE RAVENS BROUGHT TO FOWLER ORPHANAGE

(Continued from Page 138)

Christmas is celebrated in the Eastern and in the Western parts of the world, we held our festive night for the Orphanage children.

The teachers had gaily decorated the sitting room. There was a Christmas tree all a-glitter, with candles burning, when the breathless children were ushered in. The littlest one, barely four years old, was literally beside herself with excitement and joy.

There was a bag for each child (later to be used as a school bag). It contained a pair of new stockings, a handkerchief, a toy, a cake of soap, ribbon or other small article dear to the heart of a child, and a package of candy and nuts tied in bright-colored paper.

The beaming faces, the happy hearts, even the tears of joy are things that made us happy and that we shall like to remember, and that we trust in some small way you may share through this report.

Please accept our heartfelt gratitude for your help with these precious children. May God richly bless you, and may you hear in your heart, a voice saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Worship The King

By MRS. H. C. JEFFERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Come, Thou Saviour of our Race
Choicest gift of Heavenly grace!
O Thou blessed Virgin's Son
Be Thy race on earth begun."

"CHRISTMAS!" What does the word mean to you? What is your first thought when the word is spoken? Is it—a rush, gifts, lighted trees, holiday cards, happy reunions, music, tinsel? Or is it the thought that Christmas is the birthday of our Saviour? Be honest with yourself, for the former things are perfectly proper, if relegated to their secondary place, but, are they, in your life?

"Do your Christmas shopping early," is the slogan that merchants use each year, but here is one that we as Christians should surely follow: "Do your Christmas thinking early." This idea has remained deeply impressed in my mind since reading it months ago. We so often postpone our Christmas thinking and worshiping until we have no time or mental strength left to do it. Let us "now go, even unto Bethlehem," making it a spiritual pilgrimage. Then when the Christmas season comes it will find our hearts serene and prepared. In "doing our Christmas thinking early" let us look at two verses from the second chapter of Luke, the seventh and the twentieth. "And she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." . . . "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had seen and heard."

In the seventh verse, we see how quietly the gift of the Saviour was given to the world, and then, as now, there was no room for Him. Certainly there is no better season than at Christmas for us to open our hearts to Him. And then we can have the same experience that Luke tells us the shepherds had in the twentieth verse. Out of their lonely and monotonous lives they heard the heavenly music and listened to the first Christmas anthem, "Glory to God in the Highest." When it was over, they returned to their simple life in the Judean hills, not discouraged or disillusioned, but "glorifying and praising God," thus putting a "halo upon the commonplace." And so—after Christmas—need not be a let-down for us; if we have truly worshiped the King. This year we, too, can reverently take our places again around the manger to worship our King, and experience anew the miracle of that first Christmas. As we again participate in His Festival, "let hope revive beneath our lurid skies and faith discern again the coming of the Son of God."

Many of us have grown up with the ideal of the White Gift Offering as a definite part ofour Christmas worship. I wonder if we are sharing this ideal with others.

At the Christmas meeting of our Missionary Society a few years ago, one of the young women gave a monologue—something about a Christmas List. A lady sat down to make out her Christmas list of gifts, putting the amount she was in the habit of spending, beside each name. She felt it was too much, but

what could she do about it? After completing it, she decided she had better label it before putting it in her crowded desk. She began to write in large letters across the top —Christmas List—but she had only gotten as far as C-H-R-I-S-T-, when the phone interrupted. It was a lady from her Missionary Society calling to ask for a special gift—a sort of birthday gift; and on asking whose birthday, she was chagrined to find the lady had meant Christ's. She began to make excuses about so many expenses at Christmas, etc., but was ashamed and left the phone thinking more deeply than she had for many months. As she picked up her list, she was startled to see what she had written, for Christ's name, in large letters, headed her list; and the message so reached her heart, that she vowed to herself that He would indeed head her list, and no one should receive from her, more than Christ, whose Birthday we celebrate. I have never forgotten the message of this simple story, and perhaps it will remain in your hearts, too. All of us, have, I fear at times, been guilty of the same offense.

Mary Wilkins, in her beautifully tender poem ,"The Gifts that None Can See," shows us that when we worship aright at Christmas time, with the faith of a little child; then we receive His gifts for ourselves, to enrich our lives during the days to come. And of what can our worship consist? To each it will be something different, for I am but suggesting this simple 'play on words' that it may stimulate your own thinking along these lines. By that means, worship at this season will not be a single idea, but a grouping of many, which can combine in our Worship of the King. What will be incorporate in the word-*WORSHIP?*

W—onder, at His supreme sacrifice.
O—rder in our thinking, putting first things first.
R—everence for Him on His Birthday.
S—urrender of our lives in His service.
H—umbleness at our smallness beside His greatness.
I—nspiration to greater spiritual heights.
P—raise, by song, lips and lives.

In the final sense of the word, we can best Worship our King by showing real gratitude to Him, for all the blessings we enjoy at His Hand. May this prayer be the expression of our heart thoughts of Christmas gratitude.

"We thank thee, Lord,
For thine unspeakable gift,
For the love that gave us thine only-begotten Son,
For the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, longsuffering,
Gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;
For the privilege of working with thee, and for thee;
For thy last command, go ye into all the world.
We ask thee, Lord,
For thy help in matters material, spiritual and physical;
For opportunities of service and the strength and courage to meet them;
For thy continued Presence.
AMEN."

Suggested Devotional Service

For Program-Study on "Worship the King"

By (Mrs. C. W.) ELSIE WEHLING FULTON

Devotional Theme for year beginning April, 1940: GREAT ASSURANCES.

December: Assurance Concerning the Messiah.—John 4:25.

(Have the room darkened and on a table at the front place a small evergreen tree, at the top of which is a white star lighted. Have seven other light bulbs on the tree, ready to be lighted later as indicated. During the entire devotional service have music of Christmas carols played very softly. Wherever the reading of carols is indicated, have the words read in exact time with the music of carols and, at the same time, have the audience hum the carols.)

Reading: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 186, stanza 1.

Poem:

"Not sheltered by a gleaming palace-roof,
Or hedged about with glittering thorns of spears,
Or shadowed by a jewel-blazoned court,
Was Jesus born!—no babe could humbler lie
Within the precincts of a hovel-home.
Yet wise men came afar to worship Him,
Their guide a star whose wealth outmatched the world.
Thus did He clasp all man in His embrace!"

Scripture: Luke 3:6; John 1:9, Acts 10:43; I Tim. 1:15; Titus 2:11.

Reading: B.S.H. No. 185, stanza 3.

Scripture: II Cor. 9:15.

Reading: B.S.H. No. 190, stanza 3.

Poem:

"What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory?
To see this babe all innocence;
A martyr born in our defense;
Can man forget the story?"

Reading: B.S.H. No. 190, stanza 4.

Leader: Jesus, the Christ, the Messiah, came into a needy world. The world's old religions failed to meet man's needs. Their adherents were without God and without hope. In the pre-Christian world there was a longing, conscious or unconscious, for a Divine Leader and Deliverer. "In the fulness of time God sent His Son."

For many centuries the Jewish people had been expecting and awaiting the Messiah. His coming had been predicted in their sacred writings. It might have been thought that when He came He would be promptly recognized and gladly welcomed; but such was not the case. When He came, the Jewish nation gave Him no public acclaim. It was left for a few earnest souls like the Bethlehem shepherds, Simeon the devout man, and Anna the aged prophetess to recognize Him. These so few from the Jewish nation were all there were to recognize, honor, and worship Him; though from the outside world came the wise men from

the East to pay the homage of the Gentiles.

The Samaritan woman with whom Jesus talked at Jacob's well said, "I know that Messias cometh which is called Christ." She had some assurance about the coming of the Messiah; but she thought He was yet to come. She lacked the knowledge that He had already come. We possess the knowledge that she lacked; we know that He has come. As Christians we have the great assurance of the historic fact that Jesus Christ the Messiah has come into the world. The Christian world once a year at the Christmas time specially remembers and celebrates His coming.

Poem:

"To all earth's weary, struggling men,
The world's sole hope seems born again
When breaks the light of Christmas morn.
Lo, 'Unto us a Child is born.'"

Leader: Let us dedicate our lives anew to His service. Let us show greater zeal than ever before in the carrying out of His last great command.

(Leader lights a light on tree as each of the following fields is named.)

Let us remember the people of India (Isa. 2:8); the people of Egypt (Isa. 19:25); the people of the Sudan (Isa. 18:1, 2); the American Indians (Ezekiel 22:29); the Mountain people (Isa. 29:19); the Negroes (Acts 7:7); the New Americans (Eph. 2:19).

Prayer: "Our gracious Lord, above the confusion of the world and the tumult in our own hearts we would make ready to hear the sweet Christmas message of peace. Unless our hearts be at peace with Thee, through the Bethlehem-born Prince, our lives will add to the discord and darkness of the world. May the holy love of Christ ennoble all our loves and inspire us to work toward the bringing in of Thy kingdom." (For additional suggestions, see 21, 24, and 26 Days in the Prayer Cycle.)

Reading: B.S.H. No. 185, stanza 2.

Poem:

"Like Him be true, like Him be pure,
Like Him be full of love;
Seek not thine own, and so secure
Thine own that is above.
And still, as Christmas-tide draws nigh,
Sing then of Jesus' birth;
Glory be to God on high,
And peace to men on earth."

N. B. — PRAYER GROUPS AND PRAYER CIRCLES

The new Prayer Group booklets, on which are Scriptures suggested for the monthly study of members, are now available. Order from the Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., at 5 cents a dozen or 25 cents a hundred.

His Works Are Marvelous

By MISS ANNA A. MILLIGAN, Sterling, Kansas

IT has been said that the Hawaiian Islands are all scenery. So they are, and the same may be said of the other islands we saw in the Pacific. We thought the crater harbor of Pago Pago on Samoa the most beautiful harbor we had ever seen anywhere. It is a veritable fairyland and one wonders in what way the garden of Eden could surpass it. We could understand why Robert Louis Stevenson lived here and wrote "Treasure Island." Here he died and here he was buried. Pago Pago harbor is one of the best harbors in the Pacific and was apportioned to U. S. A. after the disgraceful troubles over the islands by Germany, England and the United States. Our flag floats from all school houses and other public buildings at this port.

The people are most attractive in every way, and are considered the finest of the Polynesian peoples. Their color is not black but light olive to dark velvety brown. They have straight black hair, beautifully wavy. Their homes are thatched huts with no sides under the sloping roofs. They sleep on mats spread on the floor.

When the islands were first discovered the people were living in idolatry and savagery of the lowest grade and worst type. One harbor of the group is named "Massacre Bay" which tells its own story. But the famous missionary Williams was one messenger of the Christ who shortly had 60,000 of its people gathered in Christian schools. The Bible was translated and in thirty years the people were nominally Christian. Dr. A. T. Pierson reported that probably not twenty homes could have been found on the island in which you would not find the Word of God and daily family worship. Marvelous indeed! Within a few years the native churches, beside the support of their own native pastors, contributed on an average $6,000 per year to the London Missionary Society that had been the agency for giving them the gospel. That is marvelous gratitude. Where can Christendom exhibit a half century of work more fruitful in results? The Samoans were the only people in Polynesia who had in their own native language any word for "Thank you." They not only had the word but the spirit.

We took a long ride to a native village along the shore of that lovely harbor and found the women and girls gathered to sing for us and give an exhibition of their native dances which were as far removed from the promiscuous dances of our time and country as the North Pole from the South. They were like Del Sarte movements performed by about thirty girls to the music of a simple drum-like instrument. They handed us ripe bananas to eat after the exhibition was over, and opened ripe cocoanuts full of the delicious milk for us to drink. The boys and girls were free from school that day because our ship was in, and they talked freely to us and told what they studied at school and where they go to church. They talked "United States English," for they are American subjects.

MECCA FOR TOURISTS

Honolulu on Oahu Island of the Hawaiis is easily the supremely attractive Mecca for tourists and pleasure-seekers and at the same time a veritable "melting pot", full and running over with moral and social problems and dangers. Waikiki Beach is the center of physical pleasure and at the same time the home of moral tragedies. Here in Honolulu there is a bewildering complexity of human beings. More than 40% of the population of Hawaii are pure Japanese. There are 80,000 Hawaiian-born Orientals under the American flag. In the High School in Honolulu there are 260 racial blends, every single individual of them being a potential asset or liability to peace in that island possession of ours. Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Koreans, and Filipinos have been brought to Hawaii to work on the plantations. This disproportionately high percentage of males, together with the soldiers, airmen, sailors and Federal employees at Schofield Barracks, Wheeler Field and Treasure Island, alienated from home and domestic life, all living under the lurking threat of animality that poisons the very atmosphere of the islands presents social, political, and spiritual problems unique in difficulty.

The vital, intensely Biblical faith of missionaries of the last century, is not manifest in their descendants nor by their spiritual successors. The A.B.C.F.M. (Congregational Board) that sent out the first missionaries to Hawaii later turned over the work to a Board, called the Hawaiian Board. There are five different denominations there besides the Salvation Army and Roman Catholics. The Navy YMCA has one of the finest buildings of its kind to be found in any port. In addition there is the Army YMCA, the Oriental YMCA and the regular YMCA. There is a Bible Training School. But the fact must be faced that Buddhism, Romanism and Mormonism are all alive and

Bird's-eye view showing famous Waikiki Beach and Hotels, Honolulu, Hawaii.

active and that almost all the Protestant agencies are of the liberal and modern type.

As we rode around the island on our sight-seeing trip, we came to a Mormon Temple, set in extensive grounds, with fountains and gardens, rest rooms and exhibits, everything to make the place attractive. Our steamship brought into Honolulu harbor two Mormon missionaries, young men who had in their company several beautiful young women who looked like Samoans. We supposed the men were returning from the compulsory t w o-y e a r missionary term of service which Mormonism requires of every young man, and it appeared they were "bringing some of their sheaves with them."

The evangelicals of Hawaii must have outside reinforcements if the spiritual needs are to be met. The islands are under American sovereignty and the compulsory school system brings the necessary knowledge of the English language, and so opens the youth of Hawaii of all bloods to the easy approach of the gospel worker. The intermixture of races has in many cases built a bridge for evangelistic appeal to families that would otherwise be isolated spiritually.

Marvin Dean says, "We should begin to pray for Hawaii as the New England communities 100 years ago were praying. We should pray that the old coals still glowing may burst into flames of passion for Christ and that these cleansing fires may sweep this 'Paradise of the Pacific' and burn up the evil passions that are so easily victorious and widely prevalent."

Our faith should not be staggered at the task however great and difficult it may seem. We have but to remember what marvelous works God has already wrought in the South Seas. Their first contact with white men was an unimitigated curse, but surely no missionary ever blames the natives for the chapter of horrors which they have left to all future generations. In mission annals this region is the region of martyrdom. It was here that Williams, Patterson, Chalmers, the Gordons and a host of others were murdered by men for whom they would gladly have given their lives. When James Gordon was called from his work and sent to join the martyr host above, he was busy on the translation of the Bible and the ink was still wet on the page at the words, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." We may well ask where will "The Judge of all the Earth" lay the blame? The deeds of the white man untouched by faith and love make so black a story in the islands of the Pacific that the least we can do in very shame, is to do all we can to remedy the wrongs our race has wrought.

The best we can do is to pray if that is not all that we do. John Ray said, "Pray devoutly and hammer stoutly."

HAWAII

"Hawaii, victor o'er the deep!
From briny surge to sunlight risen;
With feet set on adamant,
With brow in purpling light of heaven;
With strength of light and heart of fire,
Amid the ocean's mighty flow,
In tempest blast and earthquake throe
Triumphant crowned with shining snow."

"Upon Hawaii Heaven shines!
Dispel her lingering shades of night
From ills within and foes without
Protect her with Jehovah's might.
Awake her slumbering energies,
That, nobler than her mountains grand
And brighter than her sunlit seas.
She may by God's help ever stand."

—Selected

One Touch of Nature

By THE REVEREND RIED T. SHIELDS, Khartum, The Sudan

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."—Shakespeare.

THE maple trees which lined the main street of a quiet American village spread also over a certain lawn and shaded the porch where several people were sitting on a hot summer afternoon. Their conversation was of their occupation during the earlier part of the day. A woman of middle age who had dropped in for a neighborly visit said she had baked four cakes.

"Four cakes!"

"Yes, didn't you know that I had gone into the business? Now I'm beginning to get some pretty regular customers and as the word gets around I have a good many calls for baked goods."

"But how do you have time, for you do all your own housework and you are always active in church affairs and in the community."

"Oh, I get up very early or I work at night."

"But that is too tiring in this hot weather especially. You should not work so hard."

"Yes, I must. You know my husband's income has been pretty low since the depression and we have no money for extras. But Jimmie must stay on at college. I am determined that he shall have his chance."

The little missionary family was sitting at tea in the garden. There were no overhanging maples. Perseverance and precious water had reclaimed this small plot from the desert soil on which the city was built. A bit of grass, some shrubbery and a few bright flowers (mostly zinnias and petunias) made it a restful place where the house threw its shade in late afternoon. A woman came through the gate of the high enclosing wall and shyly called a greeting. She was completely muffled in long, dark-blue cotton cloth with only her eyes visible. Her feet were dressed in red leather shoes, with pointed toes and stiff, flat soles which made her shuffle as she walked. She came, on invitation, to join the group and sat gingerly on the edge of a proffered chair. When she uncovered her face she was recognized as a young woman whom the missionaries had seen before in the house of a mutual friend.

"Could you perhaps give me some work to do?"

"Work? Why, Zeinab, I don't know. This is an unusual request from a woman like you. What kind of work do you mean? Sudanese embroidery, or what?"

"No, I mean work. I can wash or bake or clean the house."

"Wash and clean? Why——"

"I know it is strange for me to come to you like this, but I must earn some money. My brother is in school as you know. He is the head of his class. I want him to go on to the Agricultural School at Gereif and to have a chance to become something better than the rest of us could ever be. But it requires money. I have been baking the sun-raised bread and selling it, but flour and fuel are expensive and the profit is extremely little. I can wash or clean for you and then do my baking at night. I am willing to do anything so that Awad shall have his chance.

A Mother's Fight, a Son's Martydom

The following article is from Woman's Voice, United Correspondents, 7 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S.W.1.—World Copyright.

THERE lives to-day a woman in Hampstead, in London, who for many years has waged unceasing warfare against Hitler — scourge of the present era. Armed with no weapons except her indomitable courage, her love for the son done to death in a German concentration camp and her faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, this woman has fought alone and unaided.

Frau Irmgard Litten is a little old lady with white hair and a pink complexion. This lady's fate and the martyrdom of her son are documentary evidence of the totalitarian terror that threatens our generation.

Mrs. Litten is the daughter of one German university professor and the wife of another. Her ancestors were pastors and teachers. "I never worried about politics and belonged to no party," she told me. "I thought it my duty to run my house as suited my husband's post of professor at Konigsberg University and to busy myself with the upbringing of our three children. *Then there came a day when I 'woke up' and saw that it was a sacred duty to take part in public life, to concern myself with what is known as politics.*" (Italics ours).

This aged Prussian woman who has suffered so deeply in the cause of freedom, sends this message to the mothers and wives of every country: "*Awake to the realization that in the world of to-day every woman, no matter her age or class, must make a positive effort to understand political events in her own and other countries. Women may be politically less experienced than men, but they can distinguish instinctively b e t w e e n good and evil. In giving their vote, they must decide whether the candidate for a public post is a decent, truthful and reliable person.*" (Italics ours).

Mrs. Litten's knowledge is the fruit of bitter experience. The story begins with the birth of her oldest son in 1903, when the pastor said at his christening: "And now, my child, what shall I wish for you? In your choice of a home you have selected well; life will offer you much that is beautiful, and we may hope that you will become a good and happy man."

The first part of that hope was fulfilled. When quite a little boy, Hans was remarkable for his diligence and sweetness of character. A beggar used to stand at a corner of the street near Hans' home and in passing the boy would give him food saved from his own meals, offering it to him with "Please, sir, take this to satisfy your needs."

At the age of two he would toddle out into the garden after a heavy shower of rain and would pick up the worms on the garden path and put them back in the bushes to save them from destruction. His devotion to the cause of the weak and his ardent love of justice won for Hans Litten at an early age a leading position in the legal world of Berlin.

Germany, between the years 1929 and 1933, offered many chances of defending the victims of persecution. The Nazis inaugurated their regime with a constant succession of crimes

against law and order. Bands of young hooligans provoked street fights and the Nazi press inveighed incessantly against the iniquity of Versailles, against democracy and against the "enemies within." Hans Litten was neither a Socialist nor a Communist (he was brought up in a conservative atmosphere) but if his help was sought against National Socialist injustice, he gave it without regard for the applicant's political or racial origins. All that he cared for was justice and the relief of human suffering.

In 1931 Dr. Litten had occasion to call a certain witness in a case which dealt with the murder of two Berlin workmen at the hands of the Nazis. The witness was no less a person than Adolf Hitler, by then already in the centre of the political stage. Hitler on this occasion swore one of his many perjured oaths (he used to call them "formalities"), but he never forgot those two hours of steady, relentless cross-examination by the quiet young Prosecuting Counsel. In February 1933, on the night following the Reichstag fire and the seizure of power by the Nazis, Hans Litten was arrested.

Five years of martyrdom followed for Hans Litten and for his mother. In a book published in London under the title *A Mother Fights Hitler* Mrs. Litten describes her visits to prisons and concentration camps.

"I went to Spandau . . . my son came up to me with a radiant smile. . . . At the same time he looked very strange: his face was swollen; the shape of his head was altogether peculiar—it seemed lower and broader and somehow unsymmetrical." By careful enquiry Mrs. Litten learnt that he had suffered serious head injuries and had had many of his teeth knocked out. One eye and an ear were also damaged. Yet the prisoner constantly had to repeat that he was "very well looked after," for the inmates of Nazi camps are not allowed to speak of their ill-treatment.

Dr. Litten's torture lasted for five years. He was kept in darkness and ill-fed, but his spirit was unbroken. His tormentors could not induce him to betray professional secrets or to tell anything of the affairs of former clients. From his dark and mouldy cell in the concentration camp at Lichtenberg he wrote to his mother letters containing advice about the education of children of friends of theirs and recommending her to seek comfort in the music of Bach.

For five years his mother went from office to office, calling up generals, ministers and high Gestapo officials. She petitioned for public proceedings to be taken against her son, or for some statement of why he was kept in prison. Besides petitioning, she told the dreaded Gestapo men what she thought of them. To one important Nazi official she said: "There is no lower or more dastardly crime than to ill-treat defenceless men." Another time this intrepid woman cried: "There are no brave Germans left. In the Third Reich everyone is shaking with fear."

She sent a message to the all-powerful Prime Minister Goering through his aide-de-camp: "If Herr Goering cares anything for German honour, he must agree that such cases must be redressed . . . The present state of affairs, and especially

the case of my son, explain why even a dog will no longer take bread from a German, so low has our German honour been degraded."

"I was not arrested," Mrs. Litten said. "My uncompromising firmness greatly impressed them." And she recommends all those who have dealings with the Nazis to be equally uncompromising. She could not, it is true, save her son—he committed *official "suicide"* in concentration camp, but she did much to alleviate his sufferings. And he died in the knowledge that he had had a wonderfully brave mother.

At her son's graveside Mrs. Litten swore an oath to continue the fight against Hitler. "When I sleep, it is to maintain strength for my fight. When I eat, it is to nourish my forces against Hitler. The Nazis," she added, "are not merely the enemies of a single party or of a single nation. They are the enemies of human civilization and of mankind."

A CHRIST FOR EVERY MAN

What think you of Christ? Who say you He is? This Christ challenges the attention of the world by His many sidedness. He meets the need of all classes and conditions of men:

To the artist, He is the One Altogether Lovely.
To the architect, He is the Chief Corner Stone.
To the baker, He is the Living Bread.
To the banker, He is the Hidden Treasure.
To the biologist, He is the Life.
To the builder, He is the Sure Foundation.
To the carpenter, He is the Door.
To the doctor, He is the Great Physician.
To the educator, He is the Great Teacher.
To the engineer, He is the New and Living Way.
To the farmer, He is the Sower and Lord of the Harvest.
To the florist, He is the Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley.
To the geologist, He is the Rock of Ages (and it is more important to know the Rock of Ages than the age of rocks).
To the horticulturist, He is the True Vine.
To the judge, He is the Righteous Judge, the Judge of all men.
To the juror, He is the Faithful and True Witness.
To the jeweler, He is the Pearl of Great Price.
To the lawyer, He is the Counselor, the Law Giver, the Advocate.
To the newspaperman, He is the Good Tidings of Great Joy.
To the philanthropist, He is the Unspeakable Gift.
To the philosopher, He is the Wisdom of God.
To the preacher, He is the Word of God.
To the sculptor, He is the Living Stone.
To the servant, He is the Good Master.
To the statesman, He is the Desire of all Nations.
To the student, He is the Incarnate Truth.
To the theologian, He is the Author and Finisher of our faith.
To the toiler, He is the Giver of Rest.
To the sinner, He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the World.
To the Christian, He is the Son of the Living God, the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Lord.

From "The Living Word."
(Sent by Jeannette McCrory)

The United States and The Vatican

THE discussion incident to the appointment of Myron C. Taylor as President Roosevelt's personal representative at the Vatican shows no signs of subsiding in spite of popular absorption in war-time developments.

Much of the early discussion of the incident was carried on in the rarefied air of conjecture. The Converted Catholic, a New York journal whose editor wrote a series of articles on the Roman Catholic question for one of the leading liberal weeklies of the country two years ago, supplies some factual material of importance. It calls attention to a special dispatch from Rome which was printed in the New York Sun six years ago, on March 8, 1934. It appeared only in the "home" edition, was omitted in other editions, and copies of it have been difficult to obtain. The dispatch said that "a definite agreement has been reached by President Roosevelt and the Vatican that diplomatic relations shall be established between the United States and the Holy See as soon as public opinion in America can be brought around to the idea, it was learned here today. This undoubtedly will be denied by both the State Department in Washington and in the Vatican. Two or three years may elapse before the plan is effected." It goes on to say that the general plan of action was agreed upon by Postmaster General James A. Farley and Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, who was then secretary of the papal state and has since become Pope Pius XII. The first actual step in carrying out the plan was taken in July, 1938, when a recently passed congressional amendment was implemented by the State Department. This amendment permitted the consulate at Rome to act as the authenticating agent for documents of record in Vatican City so that they may be used as evidence in the courts of the United States. The amendment begins with the words, "Until the United States shall have a consular resident in the state of Vatican City."

It is a good sign that practically all the discussions of this incident have been on a high plane with no sign of bigotry or intolerance. Nevertheless, the feeling of the American people as a whole is evident —it is against any move likely to endanger the historic American principle of the separation of Church and State.

The simplest way out of an unfortunate situation is hinted by an Associated Press dispatch coming from Vatican City on August 20. It noted that Mr. Taylor had been received in a "farewell audience" by Pope Pius XII, that he was convalescing from an operation and that friends doubted whether he would return to his post because of poor health. On the same point a Rome special to the *New York Times* says:

"Whether he will return or not will depend, because of his status as a personal envoy of Mr. Roosevelt, on the outcome of the presidential elections in November, it was said in Vatican circles."

New York Christian Advocate.

Good News from Far Countries

The Sudan

MRS. VIRGIL F. DOUGHERTY, Editor, Nasir, The Sudan

A DREAM REALIZED

By MISS AULORA McINTYRE, Wad Medani, The Sudan

On a sandy plain in the west end of Wad Medani, there have materialized from mud, wood and cement—mostly mud—two houses, one for the teachers and one for the missionary, who work for the women and girls in the homes of that city.

Tons of mud have been fashioned into sundried brick, and other tons into *galoos*, another form of mud building materials used for walls. This mud combined with a limited amount of red burnt brick, some cement, some wood for doors and ceilings, zinc sheets for roofing, all put together by a company of workman, made the place for weeks a veritable beehive of activity.

The half acre of ground had been enclosed by a mud wall over six feet high and about 20 inches thick. Inside the enclosure there was hardly a square foot of space not covered by building materials, with only narrow paths left for the almost continuous line of donkeys which brought sand and earth from the riverside a half mile away. How hopeless it looked that these masses of earth could ever become anything beautiful.

But behold the miracle! Under the direction of the Syrian engineer there has arisen this comfortable home in the very center of the most populous part of the city. The two houses are located, one at each end of the quadrangle and between them has been built a work room, entirely of mud construction with an earthen floor. Here will be carried on many activities, such as afternoon sewing classes, pictures with the radiopticon and many other enterprises which we hope to develop in the future.

About seventeen years ago, soon after the beginning of work for women and girls in the homes in the North Sudan, the Association was in session in Doleib Hill. At that meeting a ten-year program was worked out for buildings and expansion of all the work under both boards. It was agreed in this program should be included a center for workers among women and girls in Omdurman. The years came and went and the plan was not carried out. However the dream was not lost and though it finds its realization in Wad Medani it is still in a center where multitudes of women and girls can be benefitted.

The funds for this enterprise were provided by the Women's board of our church. They have gathered the offerings from the women and girls of our church in America through the Women's and Young Women's Missionary societies. Thus the favored women and girls of our favored land are providing this opportunity for their less favored Sudanese sisters.

What a story these walls might tell! Of the prayers and dreams that went into their making, of the sacrificial giving of many women and girls, of the consideration given by the Board, and by the government officials who have shown friendly cooperation; the hours spent poring over plans and estimates, the careful work of the faithful Syrian engineer who has given himself most unselfishly that all the requirements might be met; by the workmen, who have dug into the hard earth and builded under the boiling tropical sun! How many agencies have been employed to erect these walls!

All praise is due to Him who has heard the prayers of the past seventeen years and has brought it all to effectual accomplishment. May it ever be a place where His name is honored.

India

MRS. R. R. STEWART, Editor, Rawalpindi, India

IQBAL'S MOTHER

By MISS BETSY FLEMING, Sargodha, India

A little village girl wants to enter school. Her mother is a widow, and her sons are very much opposed to their sister being sent to school. They said "If you send her to school we will never help in any way with her fees or expenses." A mother's love considers no suffering, or hardship too great for the child, and this illiterate Punjabi mother said. "It makes no difference how hard I have to work, or how much I have to sacrifice, my little girl is going to school."

One day the mother came into pay the balance on the yearly fee of four dollars. As she sat in the office, tired and weary from the long walk into the city, I said "I will call Iqbal." She sighed and said "No, do not call her. I have nothing to give her. It was with great difficulty I got enough money to pay what I owe on her fees. She will be disappointed if I do not give her a few pice worth of sweets or grams." I said "A mother's love and a visit with you mean far more to her than any amount of sweets."

I called Iqbal and told her how the mother had worked hard and saved the few coppers she had earned from day to day. I told her the mother could not bring any sweets for her, but I knew she would be happy to know that her fees had been paid. The child wept and wept and assured the mother of her love and appreciation for all she had done, and was doing for her.

This year Iqbal has returned to our school as a teacher, having completed her Normal Training in our Sialkot School. One brother who was so opposed to her being sent to school, has entered his daughter in school, this year. Another brother is sending his little girl at the beginning of the new term. Iqbal's mother! How strong her love and faith!

A VISITING INCIDENT

By MRS. W. F. PATTERSON, Mansehra, India

"Come sit in my home, Mem Sahib." Thus welcomed, I turn in with a cleanly dressed woman, whose children's faces are also clean. Her house also, so small and decorated in their own style is clean. A friend of hers joins us as we sit down.

"I was here before, a year or two ago," I said looking around.

"Yes, Mem Sahib, you came when my little sister was dying. I always remember you when I think of her. You had gone for your holiday when she died and she used to say, "Mem Sahib doesn't come."

I told them some gospel stories; they were both sad-faced women, so I tried to get to know their story.

"What does your husband do?" I asked.

"He is selling his land and eating up the money," was her reply. Then continuing, "He has taken another wife and lives in the house opposite.

"Has the other women children?"

"No."

A man with no work, no trade, selling his land and eating up his money, while his first wife with two children go hungry! No wonder she looked sad.

"What does your friend's husband do?"

"She lives with her own mother. Her husband has taken two other wives and also this woman's little girl—no she is not divorced, just turned out."

Very simply and directly I told them of the love of the Lord Jesus, and how he knows their sorrows, calls them to repent and believe. He has a home in Heaven for them, the despised women, and there is no marrying or giving in marriage there (such women appreciate that sentence). They listened earnestly and as I rose to leave, they said, "Always come in as you pass here, Mem Sahib."

Egypt

MRS. EWING M. BAILEY, Editor, Minia, Egypt

A CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY THAT IS DIFFERENT

Of all tender ministries done in the name of Christ, none excels the ministry to lepers. No people on the face of the earth call forth more pity than these, who from time immemorial have been the outcastes of the outcastes, whose touch has been dreaded and feared. In non-Christian lands they have been driven from place to place suffering neglect and often cruel treatment.

Christian missionaries have always reached out a helping hand. In Rawalpindi, India, our missionaries minister to those in the Leper Home, carrying on a worship service and a Sabbath School every Sabbath; in Egypt they minister through a leper clinic in connection with Assiut Hospital.

The American Mission to Lepers gives financial aid, the grant made by this organization making possible the care given to these unfortunates.

Food is given on clinic days, not only because the sufferers are hungry, but also because it has been discovered that leprosy is primarily largely due to lack of nutrition. The one gala day of the year is during Christmas week, when all lepers in the vicinity of Assiut are invited to be the guests of Assiut Hospital for Christmas dinner. Here for once in the year they have an abundant dinner sufficient to satisfy their appetite.

It would seem that the doctors and the nurses as they fill the plates of these hungry folk, and give them to drink could almost hear the Master's voice whispering to them. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

"ONE HUNDRED CURSES FOR ONE"

By HELEN BROWNLEE, R.N., Assiut, Egypt

One curse is one too many and to give one in return is not to follow

Lepers at the Christmas Dinner—Guests of Assiut Hospital, Assiut, Egypt

Jesus' interpretation of the law. But she said she used to give back a hundred curses every time someone cursed her.

"She is Fulana—a village woman in one of our wards in Assiut Hospital. I stopped with Miriam, our Bible teacher, last Sabbath morning after the ward service and we had a most interesting conversation with her and with another woman in the bed beside her. This isn't the first time she has been here but the third or fourth. In asking her what she had learned from the Bible lessons she very quickly said, "Before I came to the hospital the first time I always gave back a hundred curses every time someone cursed me but now I have stopped that. My life is changed." And one day she said to Miriam—laughingly, "It is your fault I am here. Before I came to the hospital I used to fight and always entered into the fight when my neighbors were fighting, but I learned here that Jesus teaches that we should live in peace. One day my neighbors were fighting and I went between them and tried to make peace and that is how I got hurt."

I thought how fine it would be if we could visit her in her home and I asked Miriam if we couldn't plan to do so. And there came back a disappointing answer, "I tried to suggest it one day but it seems that her family is unfriendly and she is afraid to have us come." Disappointed? Yes. And yet should we not rather rejoice that her life has been changed. She says there is a Christian church in her village but she does not go to it. "But I visit with a Christian family in my village and we read from the Bible and pray together." Nothing in her home and very little in her village to help her in the new life she has found. Pray that she may be kept sensitive to the leading of the Spirit and that she may grow in the knowledge of Him.

And Gamela—how we have all come to love her. She came to the hospital several months ago with a very bad cancer of the leg. We felt that the only thing to do for her that could possibly save her life was to amputate the leg, but neither she nor her family could be persuaded to that. She was thin and emaciated and so frightened at everything. An operation to remove the cancerous growth was attempted but without success. After a few days she went home, no better than when she came.

After many weeks Gamela came back again. She had suffered so much and so long that she was finally willing for the amputation. How we wished it could have been done weeks before for she was now a very poor risk for operation. However we went ahead knowing it was her only hope and with the prayer that her life might be spared and that she might come to know Him who is life. Her life has been spared and certainly she has come to know much about Him. She is not afraid of even the operating room nurse now, and she is the most responsive of all in the ward and is quite the life of the ward. Her whole outlook on life has been changed and she knows that the change is because of Christ. This week she is going home with new joy in her heart and a new hope in her life.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them on the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer dearer company,
In work that keep faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

Washington Gladden

Editorial

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 600 Hampton Ave., Pittsburgh, (21) Pa.

TO UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CITIZENS

You are going to vote on November 5th are you not? You are a woman but you have been a citizen of this great Republic for twenty years. You have the honor of voting, you have the responsibility of voting; you have the duty of voting.

Do you know that in the 1936 Presidential election there were 27,300,000 eligible citizens who failed to vote? We know that in some sections some people, because of race have never found it very safe to go to the polls, but counting those out there were still many millions who neglected this privilege.

In addition to the national election, there are many local questions to come up for decision: In one city that has never had "Movies" on the Lord's Day, there is to be a vote taken. The people demand it! No, that's not right, the "Movie" men see here a fruitful field for new revenue. In some sections the question of local option to put out the saloons will be decided.

Make no mistake, the "Movie" men and their families will be at the polls; the saloon men, the roadhouse managers, the managers of government liquor stores and all their employees, the manufacturers of liquors, the bootleggers—and their number has multiplied greatly in the last eight years in spite of all the grandiose promises of those instrumental in repealing prohibition—all these and their families and a lot more that we might mention will vote on November 5th.

The indifference of many church members toward their civic duty is appalling. When we see how zealously men with evil or selfish designs conduct campaigns, how they will sacrifice time and money to carry people, often ignorant ones, to the polls—people who for a small "gift" will vote as they are told, how in great cities men will vote several times, we are amazed that Christian men and women are not awake to the dangers in our Republic.

Surely not one Christian woman will allow household duties, or shopping, or guests or weather to hinder her from performing this sacred duty.

HOLD THE LINE

In this time of confusion, when the minds of all people in all countries are filled with thoughts of war, there is a danger that imminence of war in our own land will so cloud the minds of Christians that they will become insensible to the responsibilities they have for supporting the missionary cause as in normal times. Women sewing and knitting for Red Cross (and this they ought to do) and attending many gatherings where war subjects are discussed, will feel they have little or no time for the usual prayer meeting or missionary meeting.

The sympathies for suffering people, the claims of refugees, the incessant call for money to help physical needs will drain many purses.

It is important that we keep before us all the time that we have a higher obligation to carry on the Lord's work than any other that compels attention. The Church of Christ throughout the land must maintain its services and continue its broader work in mission fields.

When we know how the churches in the subdued countries are no longer permitted to send contributions to their mission fields and how their missionaries are "orphaned," it is very stimulating and encouraging to know how the church in Great Britain and how her statesmen feel toward the support of their foreign mission work.

The following letter dated September 10, 1940, from Lord Halifax has been published in the daily and religious press of Great Britain:

"Dear Dr. Paton:

"I have received your letter of July 29th in which you say that some of those who regularly support the work of foreign missions are in doubt whether it is right in time of war to send money out of the country, and also whether war charities and war work ought not to take precedence over everything else.

"As you know, action already taken by several government Departments has shown the desire of the British Government that the services rendered by Christian missions should continue. I am myself quite clear that the support of foreign missionary work in time of war is an essential part of the Church's witness. *I should much regret if the responsibility which Christian people rightly feel towards the special needs and charities that press upon us in war time should lead them to desert this permanent and universal Christian obligation.*

"Payments overseas which involve a loss of exchange are, of course, an increasing difficulty in these times, but, as you point out in your letter, by far the greatest part of British missionary work is carried on in countries whose currencies are linked with sterling. In other cases I understand that the Treasury will look at applications from well-recognized bodies for transfer for missionary work as sympathetically as they reasonably can, having regard to the circumstances as they exist from time to time.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) HALIFAX."

LIGHT AMIDST THE SHADOWS

One of the most cheering stories that has come to us recently is from Syria. It is in this land that Mr. Charles Bell, formerly of Egypt, carries on the work of the American Bible Society. This news is given in a recent issue of *Bible Society Record.*

A young man by the name of Sigfried Friedlieb has been the accountant for many years in the office in Beirut.

"During World War days this young man was a German student in England his parents being German Jews. Mr. Friedlieb then spent many months in an internment camp in England. His faith was Jewish; but while he was in the camp, he surrendered to Christ, and became so earnest in this new profession, that he was instrumental with another in leading to their Saviour all the men in his section of the camp.

"At the outbreak of the present war Mr. Friedlieb, as a German subject in French-controlled territory in Syria, was again promptly interned. After some negotiations, he was released; but, on Italy's entrance into the war, he was brought back to the camp. Now that the fortunes of war have brought the surrender of France to Germany, Mr. Friedlieb has been again released.

"Here, let Mr. Friedlieb take up the story as he gives it in a letter dated August 12, 1940, to Secretary North:

'I returned back to the office after nearly two months' absence. This time I have been interned together with my son, who, in December last, had reached the age of sixteen. On June 17 my wife and daughter were also interned, together with other women and children of our nationality, in a school building in Beirut, and released a few days after I had been set free. During our internment we have been accorded very kind and civil treatment by the authorities, who showed every consideration possible under difficult circumstances. I am happy to be able to say that my short sojourn at the camp was anything but lost time. I had the great joy of seeing one of the two refugee professors of the American University, who were this time also interned, definitely come out on the side of Our Lord Jesus Christ; and the many hours of Christian fellowship I had with him and a few other fellow internees were very precious indeed.'

"As long as men like Siegfried Friedlieb are either abroad in the world or confined as political prisoners, the Word of God will have free course and be glorified."

FOREIGN MISSIONS DEPUTATION

It is well known throughout the churches that the Boards of the church attempt to "cultivate" certain areas year after year, giving a fresh touch with the workers.

This year the Foreign Board is sending deputations to four synods. Dr. McConnellee of India and Miss Mary L. Thompson of Egypt are visiting all the churches in Nebraska Synod. Rev. J. A. Heasty of The Sudan and Miss Lois Kingan of Egypt and Miss Verna Pillow are visiting the churches in California and Columbia Synods. Dr. and Mrs. Hickman, Miss Dora Mason, and Rev. F. D. Henderson of Egypt, Mr. J. P. McKnight of The Sudan, Miss Marjorie Faught and Miss Ruth Nichol formerly of Ethiopia but now under appointment to India are visiting the Second Synod.

"Foreign Affairs Forums" are being held in Youngstown and Akron, Ohio, Buffalo, New York, and New Castle, Pennsylvania, in which Dr. Taylor, Dr. Glenn Reed, Dr. R. W. Caldwell of the Foreign Board, Mrs. A. J. Randles of the Women's Board and Mrs. John P. White are assisting. Of these Forums Dr. Taylor says:

"They will usually convene on a Sabbath about 3 P. M. in a centrally located church where pastors and men may meet in one group, women in a second and young people in a third, each group being led in its forum discussion by members of the visiting missionary team and secretarial group. The object is to deal closely with any questions raised relative to the Church's Foreign Mission Enterprise, particularly with questions which emerge in the minds of thoughtful Christians regarding foreign missions in a war-torn world.

"Besides these major Foreign Affairs Forums, in certain centers brief forum periods in evening meetings and at other hours during the day with certain groups will be a part of each missionary team's program at all appointments.

"May we say for the missionaries particularly that they go on an errand of giving to the home Church. What they give is information, inspiration, time, strength, love—all that they are, in unselfish service.

"They know, by rich experience, of what they speak and, having so lately returned, have fresh messages about the work abroad. We covet for pastors and their people the high privilege of entertaining these interesting persons in their homes as well as of hearing their public addresses. Helpful courtesies shown to them in their busy itineraries may not only rightly be considered as done unto the Lord, but will conserve their strength, kindle a warm glow in their souls and send them back, in due time, to their fields with that precious asset for their work, a first-hand knowledge of the love of the Church at home."

TO "STIR UP YOUR PURE MINDS BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE"

November is *Thanksgiving month.* It is fitting that Christian people assemble in places of worship on an appointed day to offer thanks to God for His manifold blessing to them as individuals, as congregations, as a nation.

November is *Thank Offering* season. If any women of the world have cause for gratitude for blessings received through Christ; for freedom, for protection, for safety, it is the women of the United States. The Master has made very clear to His disciples that they can repay Him for his love only by giving to others. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?" "I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."

This is *Stewardship Year.* Perhaps some thought that because we studied Stewardship in October that that was the end of the subject for awhile. Note that 1940-1941 is *Stewardship Year.* Moreover it is National. Every denomination is keeping this matter before its people. One thing must be emphasized in these troublous days—There must be no "blackout" of any of the church work at home or abroad. Only by faithful stewardship can this be avoided.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The very excellent articles printed in this issue are for your help in your Christmas meeting. Let us "keep Christ in Christmas." The world has capitalized on this day making it a day of pleasure alone; merchants have made it a time of riotous selling. Let Christians make it the gladdest day of all the year, not only in joyous family celebrations but also in the "Worship of the King."

A LAST WORD

Please note the expiration dates on your copy of *The Womens Missionary Magazine.* Please renew before the tenth of the month succeeding expiration, that you may not miss a copy. Remember to send all subscriptions to the Treasurer, Mrs. Ralph Arnold, 525 Mifflin Avenue. Pittsburgh (21) Pa.

Thank Offering Department

MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN, Thank Offering Secretary
905 Publication Bldg., Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"GOD'S UNSPEAKABLE GIFT"

As we enter this month we always think of Thanksgiving Day, a day set apart for giving thanks to God for His goodness to us. We are happy in the opportunity of expressing our gratitude. The heavens are a galaxy of beautiful stars; they vary in color and brilliancy. But for our earth there is one supreme light. When the sun appears, its glorious fullness of light so far excels all other lights that it stands alone.

So it is with God's gifts. They are as numerous as the stars but there is one gift excelling all others, as the sun excels the stars. This gift is His own dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Lord. He alone is entitled to be called "God's unspeakable gift." For Him and for none other was Paul writing: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Paul is concluding a chapter on Christian giving: the grace of being cheerful givers, the proof of their love in their liberality, the abundance of it, the good accomplished by it, the thanksgiving to God awakened by those who benefit by it, and the blessings of God on such givers. The great example inspiring these gifts and far excelling them all is His unspeakable gift, for which Paul thanks God. As we come to present our gifts, may we always think on this high plane and make our gifts in the light of His unspeakable gift.

Paul dedicated his life to telling others of His great love and His gift to a sinful world. He confesses that his understanding cannot fathom all God embodied in the gift of His Son, nor can he find words to completely describe the gift; it is just "unspeakable" in many ways: in the love which inspired the gift of His Son He loved the world so much that He gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. God loved those who did not love Him. "He spared not His Son but delivered Him up for us all." Who can measure the sorrow and suffering — the price Jesus paid by the sacrifice of Himself for us!

As we assemble on Thanksgiving Day to praise and thank Him for His gifts of the year, our minds may dwell on His rich material blessings for our comfort and joy which have been so abundant, but may we unite in praise and thanksgiving also for His unspeakable Gift to the world.

The Annual Ingathering Day when members of all missionary societies express their gratitude for the daily blessings of the year and for all God's rich gifts will soon be observed. In our plans may we meditate on His great Gift to us and thank Him for His gift to the sinful world—His Son, our Saviour.

"BRING THY GIFT"

"Not that He needs it, but that thou
Needest to pay thy vow,
To voice thy mood
Of ardent gratitude;
Gladly to lift
Thy heart to Him who hath done all for thee,
To help the world to see
His strong paternal care and boundless sympathy."

GRATITUDE IN LIFE

By M. LOIS BOYD,
On Furlough from Sialkot, India

In one of our Sialkot villages one day we made the acquaintance of a brave little Christian woman. She has been left a widow with six children, and what a struggle she has had to keep the wolf from the door only she and her Lord know. She stayed herself upon His promises and He did provide. She told us she had

family worship in her home every night. Knowing that she could not read, we asked how she managed. She replied: "We know a good many of the Psalms from memory so we sing one of those, then one of the children or myself tells a Bible story and I pray." How we praised God for such a mother and longed for such an influence in every home in our Church.

Some years later I was back in that village and waited eagerly to see our old friend. She came limping in, after a few minutes, to tell us that she had met with an accident during the summer. The weather had been very hot and she and her family had been sleeping on the roof. A rain had come up suddenly in the night and in their efforts to get the beds down in the dark, she had fallen from the roof and broken her leg. She had suffered intense pain from it but she thanked the Lord that He had caused the bone to knit and that she could walk again. She still suffered pain all over her body as a result of the fall but she knew the Lord could heal her of that too. We talked a little about the mystery of suffering and she said she knew why the Lord had allowed this to happen to her: she had not been taking time for prayer lately. At night she had felt very tired and had neglected the evening worship. So the Lord had allowed this affliction to befall her to remind her of her sin in neglecting to pray. There was not one word of complaint at what she had suffered, not a trace of bitterness over the hardships of her present circumstances. After we had sung some psalms and talked about the Word awhile, our friend was asked to lead in prayer. There was no doubt about her contact with the Throne of Grace. She was talking to her Heavenly Father whom she loved and of whose love she was so sure—so thankful for past mercies and so confident of future blessings.

I don't know how many annas she gave in the annual Thank Offering but her life is a continual "sacrifice of thanksgiving."

Last March we were having a very enthusiastic Bible School in a village of Gujranwala District. People came from miles around and their interest and joy in the school was a constant inspiration to the missionaries. Into this atmosphere came a group of men from another congregation with the request that the missionary camp come to their village for a similar Bible School. A conference of the whole camp staff was held after worship to discuss this request. All the weeks were full up to hot weather so it seemed that nothing could be done. Then the missionary manager said: "There is the week of the meeting of Synod. I am an officer and must attend but if you would request the women to come they might be able to bring the camp and help with Bible School." The little elder who was the leader turned eagerly to Miss Scott and Mrs. Milne and said: "Would you be willing to come? We will do all we can to make it easy for you. This school is so important just now. You remember the revival we had two or three years ago and how the Lord blessed us. We were just ready to build a church, then Satan got an advantage somehow and divisions arose. These are straightening out now and I believe we need only a Bible School like this to get our people interested and back to the place of blessing."

Miss Scott spoke for the women of the camp and said they would gladly come and do their best, praying that the Spirit of God would bring the refreshing that they longed for. The little elder who had been so disheartened before was silent with joy but his face beamed. Then one of the men turned to him and said: "You didn't say Thank you." Quietly the little man stood, bowed his head and earnestly thanked the Heavenly Father who had granted his request. We can surely count on God's blessing in a congregation where such men are leaders.

One Autumn when Thank Offering Day came around, the usual interesting *"drama"* had been arranged and presented at the Sialkot Girls' School. Afterwards the Thank Offering jugs were broken and each member came forward and gave some reason for thanksgiving. At the last, one jug was presented by proxy. It belonged to one of the most dependable teachers on the staff but she had been ill for months and was now in the hospital with little hope of ever enjoying good health again. With her Thank Offering jug, which was well filled, was this testimony: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I may learn Thy statutes."

Some time ago a missionary was surprised to receive a call from a man who had been a member of a Sargodha congregation but had gone to some other part of the country for work. He had prospered in his new home but the longer he lived away from Sargodha, the more he came to appreciate his old church. He and the missionary talked together for some time. As the visitor rose to go, the missionary expressed his appreciation of the call, but could hardly believe his ears when the man pulled out a ten rupee note and said: "Please put that in the fund for Pastor's salary. The missionary reached for a memorandum and made a note of this, and looked up to see another ten rupee note being laid beside the first. "Put that down for Home Missions." Then still another was laid alongside the others with the remark: "That is for the Thank Offering."

It reminded one of gifts of old, how "every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing brought the Lord's offering to the work. . . ."

In such instances as these the word of the Prophet Jeremiah is being fulfilled day by day "They shall come . . . from the lowland and from the hill country . . . bringing sacrifices of thanksgiving unto the house of Jehovah."

THANK OFFERING IN THE SUDAN

By MISS UNA COIE

The Missionary Societies of The Sudan, of which there are nine at present, are more or less in the infant stage. It is just about seven years since our first Young Women's Society was organized. This was in reality made up of a group from two of our churches, Khartoum North and Omdurman, and meetings were held in each place on alternate months. The following year the Omdurman contingent formed its own society, made up of both young women and older women.

In 1936 the Women's Missionary Society was organized in Khartoum and some time later the Women's Society of Khartoum North.

The second year after our first Young Women's Society was organized Thank Offering boxes were given out, the meaning of the Thank Offering explained and a Thank Offering pageant was put on in the church in Khartoum, to which the members of the churches of the three cities were invited. Since that time we have had our annual Thank Offering meeting in which all three churches participate.

Some of the pageants put out by the Thank Offering Department have been used, such as "What Shall I Render?" Also we have given two pageants which Miss Verna Pillow wrote and which were put into Arabic by some of our society members. The first of these was "The Talking Book" and the second was "The Light of the Cross."

In 1938 two new societies were organized, a Young Women's Society in Khartoum and a joint society in Wad Medani. The latter of these societies is unique in that it is the only society with a literature department. The books were purchased by the society and a library fee of two and a half cents is charged for each book taken out, the fees to be used in the

purchase of additional books. A live literature secretary has stimulated a real interest in good reading. The Wad Medani Society is the only society aside from the tri-city societies which has had a Thank Offering service with pageant. Last year they put on a pageant of their own writing, entitled "The Christian Home." In addition this society has sponsored two Spiritual Life Conferences for the Christian women and girls of Wad Medani.

During the year 1939 three new societies were organized—one in Atbara, another in Port Sudan and a Girls' Circle in Khartoum North. The society in Atbara and also in Port Sudan is made up of both young and older women. None of these societies has had a Thank Offering so far but we are hoping they may soon be able to report their own Thank Offering. In Atbara and Port Sudan there has been no missionary and so they have had to depend for their help on the visit of the itinerating missionary.

As to how the various Thank Offerings have been spent, we have endeavored to encourage "Foreign Missions" in the disbursement of the Thank Offerings. By "Foreign Missions" I mean something outside of their own locality, although it may even be in The Sudan for the most of The Sudan is a foreign field so far as their thinking is concerned. We have succeeded in part in our endeavors but not entirely. One year the Young Women's Missionary Society of Khartoum North gave their offering for the support of the teacher at Akobo. This last year they gave part of their offering for the support of a teacher in one of the "bush" schools near Doleib Hill, a part to Miss Soule's orphans, and a part to the clinic at Nasir.

The W. M. S. in both Khartoum and Khartoum North have at different times given to the Fowler Orphanage and the Calioub Orphanage in Egypt and also toward the evangelistic work among men in the sections where we have no church in the North Sudan. The Omdurman society has given to similar objects.

Nearly all of the societies have furnished the material and sewed for needy people. In Khartoum North this has been for the Christmas of the poor—those for whom the church in Khartoum North has made itself responsible and for whom a special service is held each Sabbath morning after the regular church service. Other societies have sewed for needy ones in the church and outside. The Young Women's Missionary Society in Khartoum is giving fifty cents each month to keep a girl in a little school in the Deim out from Khartoum where one of our former Girls' Boarding School girls carries on a school in her own home.

All of this work, however, is not supported out of the Thank Offering but in addition. We count that as part of their Home Mission work.

We are expecting to organize our first presbyterial this coming Fall and are planning to have a Thank Offering pageant to which each society will bring its own offering. We hope that in this way those from the out stations may come to understand much better the real meaning and purpose of the Thank Offering and be able to carry back an inspiration to their individual societies.

The recently organized Girls' Circle has been given Thank Offering boxes and the girls are asking if they too may not share in the general Thank Offering.

Young Women's Department
including
Girls' Circles

MISS IDA B. LITTLE, Young Women's Secretary
1503 Dormont Ave., So. Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIMS—A.—A Circle or a Y. W. Society or both in every congregation.
B.—Support of Work of W.G.M.S. materially and spiritually.
C.—Payment in full of Y.W. Special Fund.
ASKINGS of Societies—Average of one dollar per member for those 20 years and over.
Average of fifty cents for members under twenty years.
APPROXIMATE REQUIREMENTS—$8,000.
Consider—"You cannot spell success without the alphabet of faithful endeavor."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK

Permanent object—Support of G. B. S., Pasrur, India.
Annually decided object—Salaries of Miss Helen McLenahan, Matron of Girls' Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky.; Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Mary E. Jamieson, San Francisco Presbyterial Missionary; Miss Mary Cole, Khartum North, The Sudan.

NEW SOCIETY

Monmouth Presbyterial has another organization, La Prairie Young Women's Circle, with ten members. The president is Mrs. Walter Blackwell. This society is entering enthusiastically into its new venture. Other groups are in the process of forming. Please send in the facts very promptly. Every society wishes to be introduced to sister organizations.

UNDERSTANDING

As we view the world today, understanding seems to be at a low ebb. The turmoil raging in Europe is based largely on the fact that it is a mass of dissimilarities, because of the different cultures and nationalities living elbow to elbow! Discord is very easily stirred when a common understanding is absent. That selfishness is most pronounced is not overlooked, but would there be so much of this if people knew each other better?

Sometimes we think we understand the circumstances surrounding the lives of those living about us. We may think that we understand their home conditions, their financial status and what not, but do we? We would need to "be in their shoes," have their thoughts, feel their temptations to fully comprehend the situation. Only our Elder Brother is capable of fully understanding every condition, since He alone was tempted in all points and came off victor.

Different surroundings beget different ideals. The foreigner in our midst has a hard time because of the lack of understanding on his own part and that of those among whom his lot is cast. Other groups in our country have also suffered, particularly those who have wandered from state to state following up work.

In an address on the migrant, the speaker told of how two teachers approached the migrant camp to invite the children to attend school while the parents took care of the crops. All the mothers agreed to send their children—all save one, a Negro mother. She declared that she was tired of discrimination, of having him chased home by the other children! The teachers promised kind treatment for the lad and the mother rather reluctantly promised to send her boy.

The teachers called the other children together, gave them the story of the Negro,—Africa to America, enforced servitude, their gift of song and other talents, recent developments and enlarged on the opportunity to serve such a people. Re-

sult? The children vied with each other to make the little black boy feel at home and to walk to the camp with him. There was no trouble thereafter.

Lack of appreciation of others is based on the lack of understanding. This applies to groups other than the migrant or foreigner. Even the missionary society may suffer from this lack of understanding. New members enter and seek to become assimilated. Older members maintain an old-residenter attitude. Then there are the timid ones, too, ones with possibilities if they are encouraged. How thoughtful we should be of others and how we should try to understand them to their credit. It takes a lot of understanding to keep things on an even keel. Not strange is it that the wisest man wrote, "With all thy getting, get understanding." And what a tribute to the one who was called, "the one of the understanding heart!" May all our young women's groups major in the art of understanding as it applies to the members themselves, to the work in hand, to those for whom service is being given. Let's make a good job of 1940!

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL FUND

There has been concern for the last few years, particularly in the past three or four—since for many "times have been better"—in that the special fund has failed to come back to the giving of earlier years.

We are quite convinced that many societies have not fully grasped their obligation to contribute to this fund which has been given to societies of the Y.W. department alone to maintain.

When the receipts fall short of the required amount, the deficit must be supplied from general funds. This is unfortunate since there are so many places for the general funds to be used. But a brighter day seems to be here. September 1st showed the largest total received by this time of year since 1930.

You may be interested in knowing the figures for September—1930-1940: —— $361.60; 264.30; 258.00; 177.00; 244.00; 248.00; 263.00; 245.35; 182.00; 127.00; 348.00.

We trust that societies will read this heartening news and will see to it that, as the months pass, the sum shall increase sufficiently to make it possible for the general treasurer to meet all our obligations at the close of the fiscal year, or the sum of $8000.00.

While the two objects of the Young Women's Special appear constantly at the head of the department, we mention them here that no one may be ignorant of them. The permanent object is the maintenance of the Pasrur G.B.S. at Pasrur, India; the other object is salaries of four missionaries. The personnel at this time is composed of Miss Mary Coie, Khartoum North, The Sudan; Mrs. Eva Adams, R.N., Henderson, N. C.; Miss Helen McLenahan, Frenchburg, Ky.; Miss Mary Jamieson, San Francisco Presbyterial.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL CORNER

Pasrur, India
July 11, 1940

Dear Friends:

Months ago one of the Fifth Class teachers was burdened for a certain girl in her class, and several times asked for prayer for her at the daily prayermeeting of the Staff. This girl was spending the second year in the Fifth Class, and in almost every way was unsatisfactory.

Some time ago the teacher asked that we give thanks for the change that had come over Sharifa. We gave thanks, and kept on praying

for her. Good reports continued to come.

Last evening I had occasion to ask Sharifa to do me a favor. After the work was done we had a little chat.

"Sharifa, I want to tell you something that has made me very happy. You have been scolded many times by me and by others, but now I want to tell you something nice. Your teacher tells me that you are a very different girl, and are doing your work nicely. Did you know that you are a different girl?"

"Yes, I know that I am different."

"Do you know what has made you different, and when it happened?"

"Yes, I do. One day when you were talking with me you said, 'If you would only let Jesus come into your heart you would be a very different girl.' That night I went to the Prayer Room and told Jesus that I wanted Him to come into my heart, and He did."

"Are you a happier girl than before you did this?"

"I am a very happy girl now, but before taking Jesus into my heart I was never happy."

Isn't that a happy bit to take with us on the 17th as we go to Darjeeling for our summer holidays? I feel sure that her teacher must have prayed much for her all these months. May it greatly encourage us to work with others like her. Give praise with us for Sharifa's victory, and pray with us for her that she may open her heart more and more to Jesus.

Sincerely yours,

Dora B. Whitely.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

The Agnes Patterson Guild of 1st Wilkinsburg, in its year book for 1940-1941, has set one day aside for a visit to the Home for the Aged, planning to present a program for the interest and enjoyment of the family. The old folk look forward to such visits. China as a topic is to receive real attention at the hands of a high school teacher, and a specialist is to present Egypt to the members at another meeting, a furlough missionary. Other features add interest.

The Mt. Lebanon McCown Circle has just given out its new program. It has a cheery red cover, lettered and tied in white. It is special in that it is dedicated to the memory of a much loved first leader of the circle, Mrs. E. C. McCown, for whom the circle was named. This tribute remembers her "for the inspiration, vision and counsel given to the young womanhood of our church."

One of the members prepared appropriate sketches for the several monthly programs.

Several of the girls attended the New Wilmington Missionary Conference. They singled out certain missionaries, learned their life stories, and impersonated them at the opening meeting of the year,—a "reception for returned missionaries." Such a presentation makes a real impression on those taking part in it. Who knows? One or more of these lives may in later life be given in active missionary service.

Girls' Circle Program

MRS. W. M. JACKSON, 501 North Fourth St., Clear Lake, Iowa

CHRISTMAS AROUND THE WORLD

For the Leader—This program might be given around a supper table. Use a globe with a white candle at either side for a centerpiece. Holly or cedar at the base of the globe and red ribbon around the candlesticks will add a Christmas touch. "1,001 Christmas Facts and Fancies," by Alfred Carl Hotte, will suggest some unique features.

Devotional Leader—Select several Christmas Hymns, and before singing each one give the story of how it was written. Material will be found in the book mentioned above. Read the Christmas story in Luke 2 and if desired read part of Chapter 11 in *Ben Hur* for an interpretation, closing with "Let us go up and worship." Prayers remembering especially those Christians spending Christmas under trying circumstances: On battle fields; in air raid shelters; in refugee camps; in concentration camps; in mission fields.

Leader—"We want to know how our missionaries in distant lands observe Christmas; how Christians in our churches abroad observe the Day. Let each one of you in turn now tell what you know about Christmas in other lands: In Egypt (page); in India (page); in The Sudan (page); in the Belgian Congo (page)."

Leader—"I have a copy of *The Cartouche* which is the school Magazine issued monthly by the English classes of the American Mission College for Girls in Cairo. In it is a description of Christmas day in the college last year written by Christine Athanassian. I shall give you her own words:

" 'On December 17 a Christmas program was given by the Sabbath School classes. Many students and visitors attended. The choir marched in singing, "O Come all ye faithful." The invocation was given by Rev. Grice. Two girls read the Christmas message, while other girls gave a drama of Christ's birth. The choir sang several songs. The offering was gathered while girls sang a Christmas carol in Arabic. In closing all the audience joined in singing "Joy to the World."

" 'The Boarders had their annual Christmas party on December 21. As the girls entered the decorated dining room, lighted by candles, each hunted her place at the table. After supper a program of stories and songs was given. The presents were distributed and all sang Christmas carols.

" 'The White Gift was given to Fowler Orphanage. Our gifts consisted of money as well as of clothes, shoes, and sweets for the children. These gifts were taken to the orphanage by Miss Cordes, Aida Gindy and Isis Istiphan. The children showed their thanks when they received the gifts and seemed extremely happy to know that these gifts were from their friends in the American College.' "

In closing have the lights lowered as a reader gives "The First Christmas Tree," by Henry Van Dyke, followed by the singing of "Silent Night."

The Trail of the Field Secretary

It has been a long, long trail and surely a winding one from California to Albany, Oregon, where my fall trek was started on September 1, and on through the presbyteries of Oregon, Puget Sound and Spokane. During the thirty days, I have spoken 45 times and have enjoyed many delightful experiences.

I well remember a former tour through these same presbyteries in connection with the "Facts and Folks" pageant but in seventeen years there are many changes. Some faces I had hoped to see were missing: those friends had moved away or gone to the Eternal Home. Children of those days proudly present a husband or wife, and often a lovely baby. In some instances a little church has grown into a big one, an old one has been remodeled, added to, or entirely rebuilt. Here and there a few are gone entirely. But the hospitality of the people is unchanged, and the beauty of the great Northwest—the Sound and the mountains. Majestic as ever are Shasta and Hood and Rainier, and today the jagged snow line is lovely. The rolling green and brown and black cultivated hills and even the uncultivated hills covered with sage-brush are beautiful.

Wherever I go the Faithful Few are always on hand to encourage and cheer, to help and to pray. These are they who *know*, and knowing are interested in the things of Christ's Kingdom; and they care that there are so many people in the world who have not had the opportunities for knowledge and medical care and Christian training that so many of us have had from childhood. These September days have been marvelous days of joy fellowshipping with like-minded people. How pleasant it would be to report it all, but that is impossible. And nobody received greater blessing than your Field Representative.

A day and night with the missionaries at Simnasho and Warm Spring will never be forgotten. Most of the people in both places were away fishing, hunting or following the harvests, and providing for winter needs. But regardless of this fact, we had a meeting at Simnasho with several people there. A prayer by the elder led us right to the Throne of God and although not a word was understood, we felt how very worth while is this work. That visit will not be forgotten, nor a day and most of a night spent with Evangelist Sam and his family in their home in Toppenish. We visited the hop yards, where most of his people were working—picking hops, countless handfuls of the dried blossoms at 1½c to 2½c a pound. Upon seeing some little red spiders on some of the vines, I asked how they got them off. A dear little Indian woman answered, with a twinkle: "We put all the spiders in the ones that go to make beer." I think this a good place for them; they can't be more poisonous than the alcohol it contains. On our visit to a very big hop yard in the afternoon I noticed Mr. Sam was busy for his Master. Then in the evening we went to an all-Indian encampment where four of us, all Indians but one, had the opportunity of speaking to the people as they sat outside and inside their tents. Here and there in the program hymns were sung or records played by Ray Zack, one of the speakers. Mr. Sam's loud speaker carried the program a long distance. At the end of the hour Evangelist Sam asked any who would like to be remembered in the closing prayer to raise their hands. Quite a large number did so and were remembered that night. Dear friends, there is hunger in the hearts of these first Americans as in the hearts of all peoples. Won't you remember in daily prayer not only these who held up hands of desire but all others—that God's Word may be preached

(Continued on Page 174)

Home Missions

MRS. WM. COOK, Secretary, 1201 Sixth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

CRANSTON, R. I.

Miss Mary Zucchi conducted a Daily Vacation Bible School during July and August, closing September the third.

The total enrollment was fifty-six with an average attendance of Thirty-eight. The twelfth chapter of Romans and Ephesians 6:10-18 were perfectly committed to memory. The smaller children had their own special work with Bible stories, mostly of the Life of Christ. The children enjoyed the life of Paul and have benefited by it.

The work in Southern Sudan, by the Reverend and Mrs. Don McClure and Miss Isabel Blair, was studied. The children constructed "Don's Village." The plans for which were copied from sketches in *The Christian Union Herald.* Tin cans and wooden blocks were covered with plastic clay. The roofs of the huts and the "hospital to be" were covered with straw. In woodwork corner shelves, lawn decorations, flower-pot holders and doorsteps were made. Bible scrap books were made by many. Much sewing was also done. An exhibit of the work will be held at the fall meeting of Boston presbyterial.

Miss Zucchi adds—"This was the very best Bible School we have held. We have all been richly blessed and we thank our Heavenly Father."

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Following her vacation, spent at her home in Fort Morgan, Colo., and in attendance at the Y. P. C. U. Convention in Estes Park, Miss Margaret Work returned to Spokane. During September, in addition to making forty-five calls in connection with the work in Mission Avenue church, which is to be her responsibility for the winter, she spoke at the Sabbath morning services, attended various conferences with the church leaders, attended Presbytery and presbyterial meetings at Washtuckna, where the Field Secretary Miss Sallie Dickey gave the principal message. Miss Dickey was the speaker on our Rally Day and "you know how her message reaches the hearts of children and older folk alike." She also spoke to the women's group at luncheon meetings in both First and Second churches."

Miss Work adds—"I am so glad the board has found work for Miss Jane Smith and Miss Jeannette McCrory, and hope that others, who are detained, may soon be located."

One more of the Egyptian missionaries, Mrs. Rachel Tracey Seiver, who is detained owing to war conditions, has been appointed to work in Oregon Presbytery, at West Slope and Glencullen, Portland, Oregon.

IT HAPPENED AT EZEL

Mr. William Heagen, Superintendent of the Ezel School is in the hospital at Lexington, Kentucky because of an accident.

Years ago a deep well was drilled on the school ground in order that there might be a sufficient water supply. Unfortunately the water is not usable for all purposes, therefore a cistern is in the course of digging. Mr. Heagen, in overseeing the work, fell in, suffering very painful injuries. He will be confined to the hospital for a time but hopes to be back on duty soon.

THE RICHEST GIFT OF THE CHURCH TO AMERICA

The church's greatest asset, unfailing, ever available, and all sufficient is its teaching and power for every need of American life—the Gospel of Christ. Central in that Gospel is the figure of Jesus Christ

himself, the Lord and Master of mankind. It was with this gospel, freighted with the "power of God unto salvation," that early missionaries pioneered for the kingdom on old-time frontiers. They found the gospel adequate to meet the spiritual needs of a great growing nation, and capable of developing a Christian leadership and founding Christian institutions which have been the nation's rich heritage. Ever they taught men that in Christ was not only the hope of this great republic, but also the hope of the entire human race. To them He was the pioneer of the pioneers.

That gospel, rich in its personal possibilities, fuller of finer social meaning today than ever before because of the ongoing life of the church through the years, is the possession of the church of Christ. Today the church still has its richest gift to offer America, and through America to the world—and that gift is Jesus Christ, Himself. The cause to which the church is committed is not its own. It is Christ's, the cause of a redeemed society, the eternal kingdom of God for which He gave Himself, even at the cost of the cross. That society can be in America. It can be in the world if His followers are willing to pay the price it exacts.

More than a century ago a Christian minister preaching on the missionary needs of America said:

"When we place ourselves on the top of the Allegheny, survey the immense valley beyond it, and consider that the character of its eighty or one hundred million inhabitants, a century hence, will depend on the direction and impulse given it now, in its forming state; must not every Christian feel disposed to forego every other consideration, and unite with his fellow-Christians, to furnish them those means of intellectual and moral cultivation of which they now stand in need, and for which they are constantly sending in their importunate petitions? And what we do we must do quickly. The tide of population will not wait till we have settled every metaphysical point of theology and every canon of church government." (Reverend J. Van Vechten in *Home Missionary and Pastor's Magazine,* June 1829)

What a challenging situation lies before the American church in the home land! Rapid social changes, "the challenge of the city," the task of "rebuilding rural America," new aspects of home missions such as migrants, trailer folk, share-croppers, Dust Bowl farmers on trek, new housing developments in cities to eliminate slums, the ebb and flow of people of all continents a new craving for industrial justice often assuming violent forms, the fear that a possible international explosion may hurl the nation into another world war and the ever present unappeased spiritual hunger of millions still out of the fellowship of the church of Christ.

"What we do we must do quickly," was the word of a century ago. There is a tide in the affairs of this great nation. It must be taken at the flood, but not in a hurry. Only a prepared church can accomplish the will of her Lord. Must not the modern church learn the first lesson the early church mastered? Is not that lesson to be studied today in the same manner as that in which the disciples of Jesus made it their own?

Does not the modern church need a Pentecost in which it will experience a greater indwelling of the spirit of God in all its life and service? Granted that, will not its witness bring into the home mission enterprise new life, new hopes for the Kingdom of God, and a new power, "the Power of God unto salvation?" —*Arthur H. Limouze* in *Homeland Harvest.*

Negro Missions

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 115 E. Grandview Ave., Zelienople, Pa.

MILLER'S FERRY, ALABAMA

We have now entered into our new year's work. We had a very good opening. Reverend White was with us and led our first devotional hour. He made a very helpful talk. The new teachers were introduced and made short talks.

Our school bus is running every day and is transporting students both to our school and to Prairie. We are glad that we can help in this way.

During August, the campus was a very busy place. One hundred and twenty mattresses were made under the supervision of Mr. Leslie, our Vocational Agricultural teacher and of Mrs. N. D. Williams. Material was furnished by the government for 10 of these mattresses which were given to the needy people of the community.

Professor J. T. Auhorn, who spent the summer on the campus and who helped us so much with our religious work, has been appointed Principal of the Boiling Springs Junior High School.

We have just completed the Barrack 18x72 for the NYA boys. A shower bath house has also been built. The boys are now laying the foundation for the new dormitory for the student boys of the boarding department. This is the most needed building on the campus.

The teachers are all smiles over their new home.

The latest on the campus is the teachers' craft and arts class under the capable supervision of Miss Cora Martin, our Home Economics teacher. The first meeting had a good attendance including two ladies from the Prairie Mission.

On Thursday night, September 26, in spite of the cool winds blowing on that night, representatives from all of the missionary societies of our Alabama missions gathered in our auditorium to hear the report of Mrs. A. C. Peoples, the Tennessee Presbyterial delegate to the Women's General Missionary Convention which convened at Santa Ana, California, last June. We believe that a better knowledge of missionary work was gained and inspiration given by this very full and interesting report. After the meeting the visitors were invited to the dining room and a lunch was served by the Miller's Ferry missionary society.

We wish to mention that some weeks ago one of our good friends, Mrs. R. T. Russell of Waterman, Ill., sent a contribution of $100 to purchase something for our Robinson Memorial Hospital in memory of her dear mother who had been intensely interested in missionary work. An electric sterilizer, and cabinet, very pretty and very useful, has been purchased. It is now installed in the hospital. It is inscribed with the name of the dear one for whose memory it was purchased. Some needed instruments for the hospital were purchased also. We are in great need of medical books for our hospital. We hope that some good friend in the North will assist us in buying them.

The girls' dormitory is looking very clean and new in its fresh coat of white paint.

The NYA boys and girls have presented the Boarding Department with a large white "Coolerator." This is quite an asset as food can now be preserved.

N. D. Williams.

HENDERSON, N. C.

The Reverend John Cotton, D.D., who was Principal of the school at Henderson, N. C., for thirty-five years, has been asked by the Board of American Missions to act as President of Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tennessee, for the coming year. He entered upon his work October 1.

Dr. Cotton has always been a great help to the Women's Board in his interest in all that concerns Jubilee Hospital. We shall miss his wise counsel in these coming days.

Jubilee Hospital reports 64 patients during September with 10 major and nine minor operations.

Mrs. C. S. Simpson, who worked with her husband in Miller's Ferry for many years, and who has spent the last two years at Camden, resigned her position in order to be with her son and daughter, who are students in Knoxville College.

ROBERT RUSSA MOTON

At a meeting of the Board of the American Bible Society the following memorial minute was adopted:

Robert Russa Moton

With a deep sense of loss, the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society records the death, on May 31, of Dr. Robert Russa Moton, a Vice President of the Society since 1921, and, in 1935, a member of the National Commemoration Committee celebrating four hundred years of the Printed English Bible.

Dr. Moton realized his boyhood dreams of becoming a leader of his race as president of Tuskegee Institute for twenty years following the administration of its founder, Dr. Booker T. Washington. Under Dr. Moton's guidance, the institute greatly expanded in its equipment, and its service to the Negro people. The honors conferred upon him by leading American colleges and universities and the responsibilities entrusted to him by the government were well-deserved tributes to his intellectual attainments and his sterling integrity of character.

The Board of Managers express to Tuskegee Institute and to Dr. Moton's family their sympathy in his passing.

SECRETARY ALLEN CHOSEN BISHOP

At the thirty-first session of the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church held in Detroit, Michigan, in May, Rev. Alexander J. Allen, D.D., for nine years Secretary of the Society's Cleveland Division of the Haven Memorial Agency among the Colored People of the United States, was one of four pastors elected bishops.

—Bible Society Record.

THE TRAIL OF THE FIELD SECRETARY

(Continued from Page 170)

among them and that our missionaries may have the joy of seeing many turn to the Lord our God?

Among the particular joys of the month was a visit to Tahoma House (Do you know who lives and works unceasingly there?). The women of the neighborhood prepared and served a wonderful dinner, then came together to hear of other work and other workers. There was the reunion with Mrs. Herbert Morton, a good friend of India days. Others it was my pleasure to greet were: Miss Thelma Porter (a one-time Frenchburg teacher, now president of her presbyterial), Miss Margaret A. Work and Miss Jeannette McCrory—both of Egypt and now loaned to Spokane and Pullman respectively.

The one request heard in Presbyterial and in other groups by these missionaries was "Pray for us—here in this untried and difficult work."

Friends, representatives of Jesus Christ, privileged indeed in being workers together with Him and also intercessors with Him let us be faithful day by day at ten o'clock each morning. And among many requests we have for prayer, let us pray very definitely that God himself will deal with nations that would close doors that *He has opened so wide—in answer to your prayers.*

Sallie E. Dickey.

Indian Missions

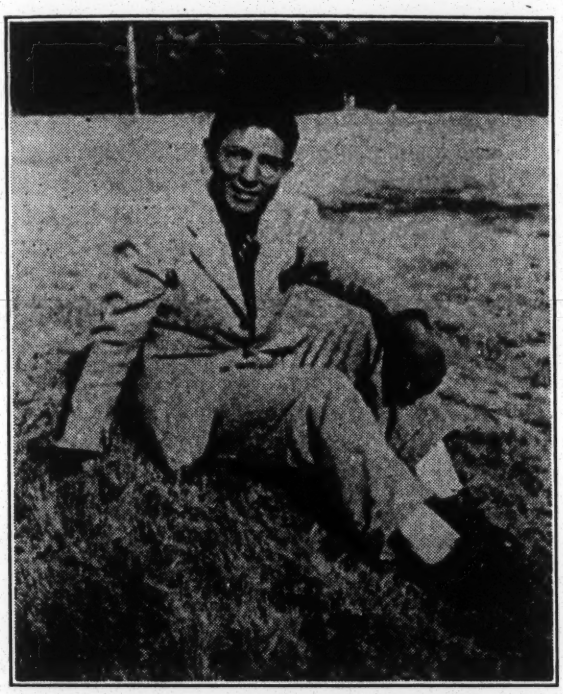
MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorne St., Sewickley, Pa.

NOVEMBER 1940 INDIAN BEAVER MOON

Meet My Friend:

Wilson Spencer

"That there may be raised from among them those who will be spiritual leaders among their own people." How often this prayer has been offered for the American Indian I will not attempt to answer. If you have been following the Prayer Cycle you have prayed for this to happen. I think Wilson is an answer to that prayer.



Wilson Spencer, a Warm Springs Indian, now preparing for Christian Service.

When a pupil in the Government Boarding School, he came in contact with our Mission. This contact led to a desire to help a little in the Sabbath school, a service which was readily accepted. Dark days followed his graduation at Warm Springs, in fact we were afraid he had become another lost son. He was attending the Chemawa Indian High School, and we lost track of him for two years, but the next thing we heard, he had repented, confessed, and accepted Christ as his personal Savior. With this came the desire to go on to College and Seminary and become a missionary to his own people, that they too might know the joy of sins forgiven and have the assurance of Life Eternal with our Lord and Saviour.

Arrangements have been made for him to enter Sterling College this Fall. He needs our prayers, for his College work will be more difficult than the work at the Indian Schools he has attended. He needs our help, too, for his funds are limited. We wish him every success in his training for the Master's service.

E. W. Machamer.

PICNIC AT TAMA

A week ago, September 24, we were at Tama for the Synod of Iowa picnic with the Indians. This was the second time this picnic has been held, the first being three years ago. Those of us who attended the first one felt it was a worth-while occasion, and so was this one.

The picnic was held on the Powwow grounds and this year the Indians were there en masse, old and young, big and small, and they, too, did seem to enjoy everything. The Indians prepared on the ground as their part of the dinner, fried bread which is batter fried in deep fat, and a stew of meat cooked in a big kettle on the open fire with corn in it which they had dried. The white people from congregations near Tama furnished sandwiches and cakes, and

other congregations contributed money to buy baked beans and ice cream. There were 500 people who enjoyed the picnic and program which followed. The opening session of Synod was held at the Mission and the members enjoyed the picnic dinner with us. The program consisted of greetings from members of Synod, songs by the Indian children and young people and Dr. W. F. Rotzler, representing the Board of American Missions, gave a short address which was interpreted by George Young Bear.

Rev. and Mrs. Patterson deserve much credit for arranging for this picnic. The Women's Presbyterials in Iowa have committees which cooperate with the Pattersons in their efforts to show the Indians a good time in a wholesome way. I was impressed this year with the friendly attitude of the Indians; they mingled with the white folk and seemed to feel they were a part of the company, doing their share and entering into the spirit of the occasion.

Sec. Note—This account was taken from an interesting letter written by Mrs. J. W. Bickett of Newton, Iowa (the 1940 W.G. M.S. President), to the Secretary.

A NEW PERSONALITY

has been welcomed by the Indian Department. She is Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., of Cairo, Egypt, who has been detained in this country because of the war. For the present, Miss Smith is living in the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Means (410 West 13th Street, The Dalles, Oregon) whom our readers will remember as the fine devoted volunteer workers who have gathered the children of the fishermen at Celilo Falls into a little Sabbath School.

There has been a great need for a Christian worker who would go into these fishermen's homes and help the women and girls and no one could be better fitted for this work than Miss Smith. With Mrs. Means' help she is already at work and has plans for community work which will prove a great blessing. She will also help in the Sabbath services.

Miss Smith will be writing to us of her work here at Celilo Falls and she requests prayer that she may be able to help these needy folk.

INDIAN ARROWS FROM TAMA

Chief Tecumseh, a nationally known Indian tenor singer, sang two numbers at the Tama Mission on Sabbath, September 22. The Chief has been singing at Sterling College and had seen Wilson Spencer of Warm Springs there; he considers him a promising young man.

There was a wedding at Tama Mission! A wedding cake had been baked by a Christian friend and refreshments were served to thirty guests at the Parsonage. The happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Mitchell, have been attending church and prayer meeting. The Missionary asks that we pray that they may continue in the way they have started their married life.

George Young Bear is still suffering with his "sick eyes." A new treatment has helped some and he was able to be out at the picnic and attended church services.

Raymond Patterson, a son of the Manse, has entered Sterling College this fall. He reports he has fine housemates, all of whom are planning to go into active Christian service.

At the Synod picnic, a minister from each of the four presbyteries brought greetings to the Indians, and George Young Bear gave the response. A group of older Indian boys and girls, wearing arm bands marked "Guide," escorted the members of Synod through the Reservation, one guide going in each car.

Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Paterson wish to express their thanks to the Synod of Iowa and the missionary societies of the Synod for making this picnic possible. The Indian people join them in this expression of appreciation for this manifestation of good will.

Foreign Missions

MRS. J. D. SANDS, Secretary, 5542 Hampton St., East Liberty Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSIONARIES' BIRTHDAYS
December

Miss Laura MacLachlan	December 1
Miss Mary Kyle	December 6
Miss Frances E. Brown	December 7
Miss Laurella C. Dickson	December 7
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N.	December 11
Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N.	December 12
Miss Helen Artman	December 16
Miss Kathryn Beattie	December 17
Miss Sarah B. Meloy	December 18
Miss Margaret Fehlman	December 18
Miss Dora B. Whitely	December 19
Miss Mary E. Coie	December 24
Miss Anna B. Criswell	December 25
Miss Willa M. Ramsey	December 27
Miss Sarah Jane Lamont	December 29
Miss E. Marjorie McCrory	December 29

A PRAYER FOR OUR MISSIONARIES

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
Thy vanguard in the distant land!
Be Thou in every faithful breast,
Be peace and happiness and rest!
Exalt them over every fear;
In peril, come Thyself more near!
Turn Thou the hostile weapons, Lord,
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde!
Thine is the work they strive to do;
Their foes so many, they so few.
Yet Thou art with them and Thy name
Forever lives, is aye the same.
Thy conquering name. O Lord, we pray
Quench not its light in blood today!
Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land!

—Sangster.

EGYPT

Some long looked for letters from Egypt and The Sudan have arrived in America. In one mail three letters were received, two of which were written in May. Another one from Alexandria dated July 24 came, using air mail to South Africa. This letter gave us the latest news we have had. It told of Mr. Gilmor's improvement in health and that all the other missionaries were well and safe and conditions remained comparatively quiet. In a mail soon after that, about a dozen letters were received from various parts of Egypt and The Sudan. The missionaries who wrote about the middle of July were hoping to send their letters on a boat leaving about that time but that boat did not take any of those letters; hence they were not received until September 30. All were written in a cheerful and optimistic way and plans were being made for carrying on the work as far as possible with the depleted force.

Miss Anna Criswell, writing from Sidi Bishr, said: "All are well and happy. A few of the unmarried women and a number of the families have come here and are enjoying the cooler weather. We propose to stay as long as possible but with the threats of bomb raids by Italian airplanes do not know when we may have to leave. The conditions also hinder others from joining us. Miss Ruth Work, Miss Liggitt and Miss Madory of the Pressly Memorial Institute are still in Assiut and in case of need the others can return. . . . We realize that we are surrounded by your prayers and the prayers of many friends in the Church at home and know that whatever happens can be made to work out for the extension of the Kingdom." In this connection a cable received October 5 read: "Excellent enrolment, splendid spirit, continued confidence at P. M. I.—Criswell and Work."

Miss Evelyn McFarland of the American College for Girls in Cairo sends a program for the Twenty-eighth Annual Commencement, held on Friday, May 24. It looks very interesting. She writes of attending a service on the Sabbath where Bishop Gwynne gave the people a very comforting and helpful address. The church was well filled. Nearly every man present was in uniform and had to leave before the end of the service. "We were told at the beginning of the service that in case of an air raid signal we were to go to a certain shelter. Then all sat quietly during the service. There are no people on the face of the earth like the English, I

verily believe, so given to taking things serenely, unless it is the Scotch-Irish. We are all keeping a stiff upper lip. Some of the workers are trying to get passage home but others of us feel we might as well stay by as long as we can be useful. Our future is still 'as bright as the promises of God.'"

We are indebted to Miss Ida Whiteside for a report just as school closed for the summer. "Both the Central and Branch Schools have been full: 284 here and 90 there. Last fall several girls from other schools and towns came into our first secondary class so we have twenty-seven in that class. Of that number sixteen are going to take the Government promotional examinations instead of our own. Two girls in second and ten from the fourth primary are also to have the Government examinations. Our reputation will depend a good bit on their success.

"Twenty of our girls have joined the Church during the year, making 45 members from among the girls. Some others are communicants in the Coptic Church. Four or five other young women united with our Church who had been in the school previously.

"We kept up our Karnak meetings well. As a rule twelve of us went out and held meetings in fourteen different houses in two villages. We had an average attendance of fifteen men, one hundred thirty-two women and about a hundred children. Just how much we actually get across we cannot know, but some seem to be grasping the point. This year we spent on the life of Christ.

"Seven girls graduated this spring and had a real commencement instead of the party we have previously held for the mothers and sisters. The speaker was a popular preacher from a neighboring church."

"There were only three American teachers in the Luxor School the past year and they had a very strenuous time in caring for all phases of the teaching, including music lessons. While they were all ready for rest time, they could not make definite plans on account of war conditions. They hope to be able to carry on the work in the usual way this year."

Mrs. Ada Dunlap has taken up new work in The Fayoum this past year. She has been kept busy in getting acquainted with the people and their needs but Miss Margaret Bell has been a great help to her as she has worked among the people of that district for many years. All love Mrs. Seiver, who had this evangelistic work last, and they now welcome Mrs. Dunlap in the same way. She had an enrolment of fifty in her Girls' Club; the average attendance was thirty or thirty-five and they did a good year's work. She went with the Bible Woman to a village where they had taught the children verses from the Bible. Eleven girls and young women received Bibles as prizes for reciting five hundred verses each. These were given from what is known as "The Gibson Fund." The people are all frightened at the thought of war coming so close but Mrs. Dunlap reminds the Bible Women: "We are here for just such a time as this. Never has our work been more important. We all need to have our thoughts turned God-ward, remembering that He is our certain refuge and defense." Thus the missionaries in all our stations are bravely carrying on in the face of danger, trusting the Lord and looking to us to uphold them in our prayers.

THE SUDAN

Among the letters from The Sudan was one from Miss Mary Ewing, R.N., written at Doleib Hill on May 16. After two and a half months, she was beginning to feel quite at home and was getting acquainted. She thinks the mission compound is a beautiful place with its lovely trees. She and her companions reached The Sudan at the beginning of the hot season and were initiated rather early into the difficult climate. The people really are very lovable and have

a fine sense of humor, which is a good thing—especially when they try to understand the new missionaries. The language study is not easy but they have a good teacher. We are sorry to say there has been an epidemic of meningitis which necessitated the closing of the church. There were twenty in the isolation hut; all but one made a good recovery. Miss Ewing has also been out in the villages seeing sick people. She will be so glad when she knows the language and can get their confidence and be able to help them. She also wants to get some sort of worship service started in the clinic as that would afford a great opportunity for preaching the Word. It was her privilege to go to Nasir with Mr. Adair and she found it very inspiring to see the work there. She visited with Miss Huffman and thought the clinic fine. She says their daily meetings should surely reach many hearts, with their constant telling of Christ and His love. The church service was fine, too. How these people love to sing the spirituals and psalms! They have a xylophone which helps to keep them on the tune and adds to the enthusiasm and reverence.

Miss Ray Huffman has also written from Nasir telling something of their work and of the great interest all the missionaries there have in the English people. They feel so thankful that their work has been in an English-controlled country and say they owe them so much for allowing them to be there. The English are so helpful and sympathetic in their work.

Miss Aulora McIntyre spent six weeks at Erkowit last summer. During that time the new houses in Wad Medani were completed and she was able to occupy hers upon her return. The teachers came to theirs a few days later so they are all settled now and are starting anew in the work. The new home is a real joy and its conveniences have made the heat and the dust much more endurable. Miss McIntyre's time has been full getting settled but no doubt she is now busy with her visits in the homes.

We have all heard of the sandstorms in certain parts of the world but I think we have not realized what it is like to be in such a storm. Miss Frances Turk, in her vivid, original way, tells of a storm experienced in Khartum North in June. "This is perhaps a bad day in which to try to compensate for past omissions: we had last night, throughout the whole night, one of the worst sandstorms in my experience. We've been in a very bad humor today. Really you should have seen us this morning when we dragged our tired bodies out of beds; where we had lain there was still some trace of a light sheet and all about the rest of the beds was a thick coat of grimy sand. Any exposed surface of our bodies resembled coal diggers and the eyes, mouths, noses and ears were full of grit. We had a late breakfast. It had taken us at least an hour to get so that we could recognize each other. After breakfast we dug into the house and worked all morning on walls, ceilings, lights, furniture and odds and ends of corners in bedrooms, kitchen and our huge living-dining room. Finally we stopped for lunch but only a beginning is made toward getting clean."

Miss Turk had the care of a large family during he summer while the other teachers were on vacation but she had with her a missionary nurse from another station who was a great help during the "blackouts" which Khartum has had as well as some other parts of the world. This visiting nurse also assisted in the work of training volunteers for first aid.

Some time ago the Sudan Mission asked the Board to open a small school and put up a new building on he outskirts of Khartum North, to be carried on by the teachers of the Girls' Boarding School. This school was opened in August and there is a good enrolment. The people are much pleased to have a school in their own cinity and even the little boys are

asking if they cannot attend as well as the girls. The teachers are admitting them, too. Another small school for girls has been opened in Gereif, for which our organization is responsible.

INDIA

We hear of sandstorms in India as well as in The Sudan. One missionary says: "When the heat has been intense for days and nights, we know we are due for a sandstorm. These storms must be experienced before one can know what they are like. For three nights the dust and sand blew. Sleep was almost out of the question either outside or indoors. However, at the end of the duststorm there was a most refreshing rain and the weather was much cooler."

One correspondent tells of a big *jalsa* held in the Girls' Boarding School at Sargodha. This was a get-together meeting for all the village women and they begged to be allowed to make plans for it. Everyone co-operated splendidly and they had a "grand time." An awful duststorm and rain came but it didn't dampen the spirits of the women who came from villages far and near.

The weather has been very unsettled this spring and summer. First it was unusually cool, then so hot. The thermometer registered 114 to 116 degrees in the shade and the missionaries had to make their visits early in the morning and in the evening. Many of the village people were ill. Later when the weather became unbearable the missionaries went to various places in the hills for their time of rest.

Word has been received from our hospital in Jhelum that the staff has had a very busy year. A wealthy man has opened up a hospital in the city where free service is given to the poor people. This has taken many patients that might otherwise have come to our Good Samaritan Hospital but still there has been a goodly number of patients and they receive the best of attention and also have an opportunity to hear of Christ and His love. Morning prayers are observed daily at 6:30 o'clock for the staff and the patients. Each member of the staff takes his turn in leading—a week at a time.

When Dr. J. G. Campbell came home from India last year he made a very earnest plea for a Diesel engine to be installed in the Pasrur Girls' School, stating that the old one was completely broken down. The School was lighted with candles and there was difficulty in securing sufficient water for the needs of the School. He made such a strong appeal that the Board decided to send this engine to India. It was purchased at a reduced figure and sent out in the care of Mr. Whitfield who is to install it as soon as he arrives from furlough.

Some time after the last Annual Meeting we received a request to build three rooms for the little school at the edge of the city of Lyallpur. This school had been moved from the city three years ago, from a rented building to two small rooms on land given to the Mission in the sweepers' quarters. Since then the school has grown until it now has 175 on the roll, although it is only primary. One hundred twenty of these pupils are Christians. The Mission asked that these rooms be built and that the school be called "The Susie Young Memorial." This request was granted by the Board as funds had been forwarded to India some time ago to be used as the Mission directed. Miss Susie Young of Amity, Iowa, went to India as a missionary in 1891. She served most faithfully there until early in 1908, when during a smallpox epidemic she contracted the disease and succumbed to it in a few days. Friends in America wished to honor her memory and gave very liberally to a Memorial Fund which was carried on our treasurer's books for a number of years, awaiting a suitable object to hear her name. While Miss Kate Hill was home two years ago, she aroused new interest

(Continued on Page 190)

Junior Department

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

A THANK YOU LETTER FROM TANTA, EGYPT

DEAR JUNIORS:

Do you remember getting Christmas things ready last year for children in other lands? I hope you had as much fun in preparing them as we had in receiving them. Christmas was a blessed time here and you had a big share in it.

We had dinner all together the evening before school dismissed for the holidays, the thirty-four boarding girls and all the teachers. The big dining room had been gaily decorated with paper chains, poinsettias, and a Christmas tree (A real little green tree growing in a pot) so we felt quite festive as soon as we entered the room. Teachers and girls were all mixed together at the big long table so we seemed like one big family. Before eating, the Christmas story was read and prayer was offered by one of the girls. After the dinner, which was excellent, some one started singing. Singing what? Why, Christmas carols, of course. They never do grow old and really, I think they sound as lovely in Arabic as in English now.

When the time came to give out the presents each child "fished" for a present by tossing her hook and line over a high screen "bank." It was very exciting to see a "fish" come tumbling over, but when opened up and it turned out to be a lovely present, the children were so thrilled that it is a wonder that the roof stayed on. Everyone had to try out her present right then, too. The dolls were loved and displayed, the balls were bounced, the skipping ropes skipped and the sewing bags were explored. Everyone had to see what the other received, too.

You would have enjoyed watching the school servants "fish" for presents also. They weren't quite so expressive as the children, but their happy smiles showed that they were pleased not only to receive a useful present, but also to receive toys for their little children at home. In one servant's home a baby girl had arrived just a few days before Christmas. My! How he beamed when he received a warm baby blanket, a wee dress and socks and a toy for the baby.

The "Wee-est" one at the Christmas party. Beside her stands her best friend.

Then when our wee-est girl (aged

(Continued on Page 184)

* This letter is an acknowledgement of the gifts of the Juniors of America to the Juniors of other lands. The Junior gifts displayed at the Annual Convention of the Women's General Missionary Society are divided and sent to various fields. The thanks come so long after Christmas that it seemed appropriate to hold letters until near Christmas time.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN IN THE HEART AND ON THE WALL

"And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and on thy gates." So did God speak to his people of old.

Some women in India have taken these words quite literally as the pictures on the opposite page will indicate.

Miss Lois Boyd tells of her discovery of these Ten Commandments in a very unusual place written upon a wall. "One day we were making the rounds of our village schools," she writes, "when we passed through a village not in our mission area. In this village was a new church building of unusual interest of which we had heard.

"It was an ordinary looking building faced with brick on the outside, with a very nice wooden door. We commented on the beauty and durability of the building but the villagers standing by, were eagerly waiting to show us the inside.

"Following the example of our guides we removed our shoes at the door and received grateful smiles of approval. Of course there were no seats. The floor was of mud and there were nice thick mats rolled up at one side to be kept clean for use on the Sabbath. The walls, too, had been plastered with mud by the women of the congregation in the manner used in their own homes. First a layer of thick mud mixed with a little straw, then several layers of thin mud and last of all a coating of light-colored mud which gives a beautiful smooth soft finish.

"Then with all their art and skill in the use of mud and color they had proceeded with decorating their church. There was a slightly raised platform and a low desk for reading the Word. This was decorated with a design in color.

"On the wall were depicted some Bible scenes. Perhaps the most interesting represented the TEN COMMANDMENTS, in symbols of every day Punjabi life. These pictures are self-explanatory. Reading of course from left to right comes first of all the figure one—one God. The second makes very clear what is being done by thousands of new Christians in India—the destruction of Bala Sha—or its equivalent in a mud image—'No other gods before me.' Who could picture God? No one. Therefore the Muslim rosary with its 99 names of God. The church building plainly indicates the duty and the joy of worshipping God on the Lord's day; the father and mother are the ones to honor and obey; the sword not to be used. Even the humblest Punjabi knows the blackness of the violation of the seventh commandment. It is the hand that steals; the lips that bear false witness and the jewelry and coins that are coveted by people alike over the world.

"I wish I knew the women of that church. I doubt if any of them can read but I feel fairly sure that they are among the beginners who are trying to learn at this time. I do not know if all of them could recite the entire ten commandments. I feel sure they understand the significance of these commandments as they have pictured them in colors on the wall of the church. The boys and girls who showed them to us were enthusiastic in telling us just what they meant: they understood. I am sure that every woman who helped in decorating this church experienced a new love for God and a new desire to worship Him in spirit and in truth."

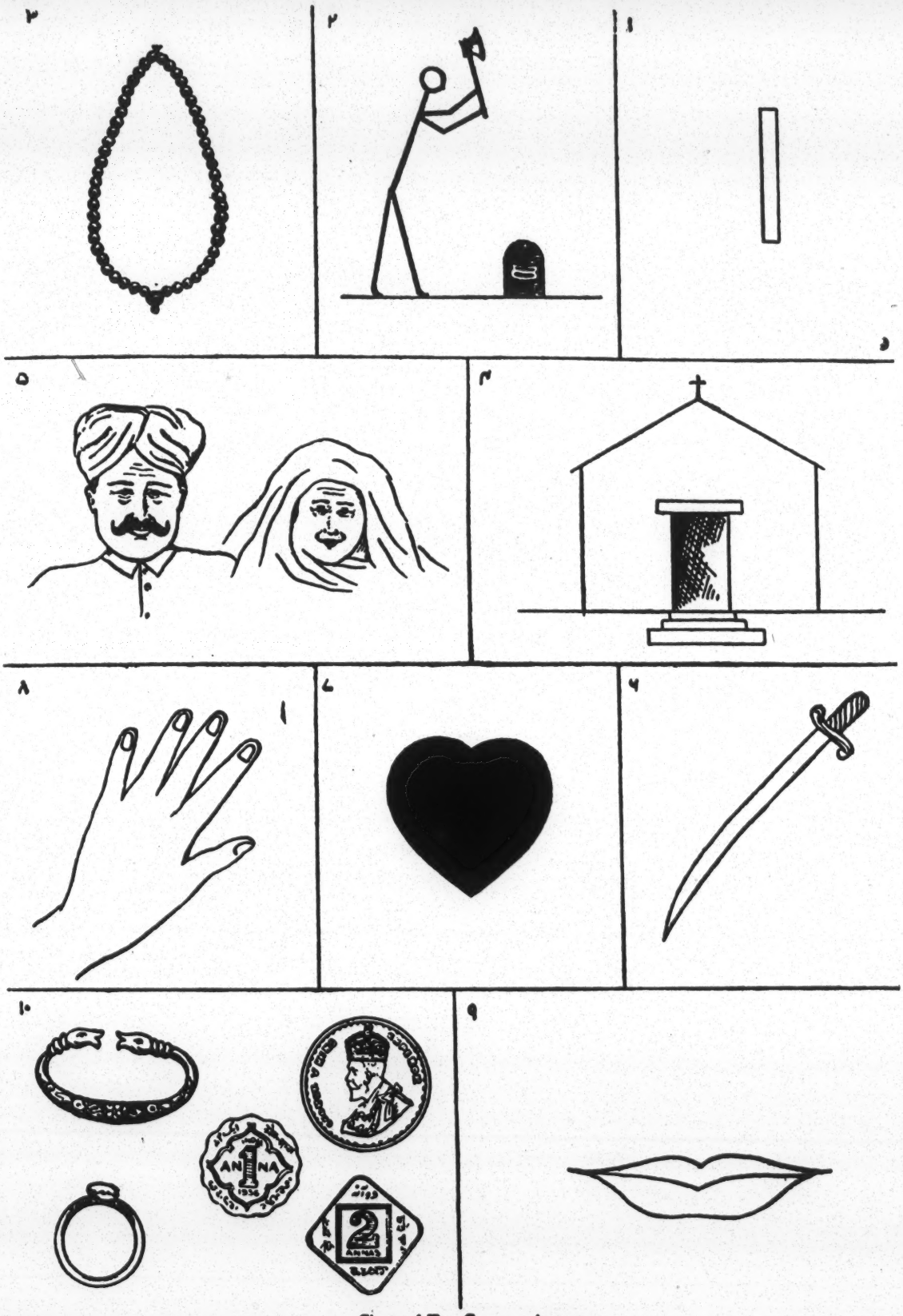


Chart of Ten Commandments.

The Ten Commandments in Pictures. This pictorial interpretaton of the Ten Commandments in color is on the wall of a Christian Church in India.

(Continued from Page 181)

four) put her fingers in her ears to help keep out some of the exciting din, that semed to be a good time to "break up the party." All the girls went to bed singing, and I think all of the dollies slept with their new mammas that night. Every toy went home for the holidays, and I'm sure the story of the party went home, too.

We hope that the real Christmas story went home also, and I am sure it did. For the first place was given to the Greatest Gift of all in our Christmas plans and program. You, who have learned so well the blessedness of giving, rejoice with us! A group of our older girls organized a sewing club a few weeks before Christmas. With the help of a teacher they collected money, bought material, cut out and sewed up many useful warm garments which were displayed at our Christmas program and then given to poor children. Those who were too small to take part in that, did have a part in giving, for each class presented a gift in the White Gift part of our program.

So we thank you very, very much for the gifts you sent to us. They not only gave a great deal of pleasure, but they have helped us to learn how blessed it is to give in His Name.

Sincerely,

Your Egyptian Friends,

By *Mabel McMichael*

JUNIOR RALLIES

The following Presbyterials have held Junior Rallies since the beginning of the new church year. All report good programs, good attendance and increased interest in the work of the Junior societies. Reports of these are being given in *The Junior Missionary Magazine.*

Butler Presbytery, May 11, at Fairview, Pa. Attendance, 250.

Argyle Presbytery, May 18, at Shushan, N. Y.

Detroit Presbytery, May 18, at Royal Oak, Mich. Attendance, 184.

Boston Presbytery, May 24, at Whitinsville, Mass. Attendance, 108.

Delaware Presbytery, May 25, at Walton, N. Y. Attendance, 102.

Ohio Northwestern Presbytery, July 19, at Piqua, Ohio. Attendance, about 100.

Chartiers Presbytery, September 22, at Venice, Pa.

Allegheny and Monongahela Presbyteries, September 28, at Carnegie, Pa. Attendance, 325.

JUNIOR SPECIAL CARDS

A new kind of Junior Special card has been prepared for use this year. The new cards are for society, not individual use. They are to be hung in a prominent place in the Junior Room. The letters of the words "The Junior Special," are to be covered with gold letters provided for that purpose. For each $1.00 contributed to the Junior Special Fund, one letter is to be covered. The objective, to cover as many letters as possible. Pictures of Miss Mary Ewing, the missionary sent out and supported by the Juniors, and of the Village Schools in India are supplied to be placed on the cards. These pictures call to the attention the special work to be supported by the Juniors this year. Cards may be had from the Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. They are free for postage. Additional cards will be furnished all societies needing them.

Temperance and Reform Department

MRS. HARRIET S. BOOBYER, Secretary, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE OTHER SIDE

This placard, as well as others of a like nature, are being displayed on the premises of many taverns in the Pittsburgh area and probably in such places in many other cities.

> 480 million bushels of grain have been bought from American farmers by the Alcohol Beverage Industry since Repeal.
>
> Calvert Distillers Corporation, N.Y.C., presents these facts in the interest of 145,000 retail liquor dealers.

Such a statement makes it appear as though prosperity had come to the farmer since Repeal by way of the liquor traffic, but we would ask the following question, "What about the milk industry, one of the great sources of profit for the farmer; how has Repeal affected *it?*"

This—is the answer:

"Consumption of milk in the United States has been from 100 to 200 million gallons less annually since Repeal than it was in previous years, according to reports by the Department of Agriculture."

"Mr. M. D. Munn, president of the National Dairy Council, said in a recent article, 'Between 1924 and 1933 inclusive, (Prohibition years) the production of milk on the farms of this country steadily increased from 87 billion pounds in 1924 to 102½ billion pounds in 1933, all consumed in this country in the form of milk and its products, an increase of 17%. . . . Since 1933 milk production on farms has dropped to 97¾ billion pounds or approximately 4½ billion pounds'."

"The per capita consumption is from two to four gallon less, reports Miss Laura Lindley, Research Secretary of the Anti-Saloon League."

"Labor, business and the farmer as well as the consumer lose when money is spent for liquor and not for milk. ONE NEW YORK DAIRY EMPLOYS 8850 MEN; THE ENTIRE DISTILLED SPIRITS INDUSTRY EMPLOYS LESS THAN TWO THOUSAND MORE MEN. The milk industry when it flourishes buys heavily of equipment for sanitary requirements on farms, for new and enlarged milk plants, and for cheese and butter factories. It uses tank cars, trucks and transportation equipment."

When you see this advertisement or any other seeking to show that Repeal has benefited business, the railroads, etc., remember that ON THE OTHER SIDE are these facts:

The brewing (and distilling) employment does not represent a Net increase in employment,

That brewing (and distilling) employment does not represent a Net increase in the use of raw materials,

That expenditures for beer (and liquors) are not ADDED expenditures; they are DIVERTED from other industries,

That the custom of drinking beer (and liquor) imposes economic loss due to social and political results.

(Material quoted taken from THE VOICE of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church).

Literature Department

MRS. A. J. RANDLES, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STUDY BOOKS

HOME—

Adult — *Uprooted Americans,* Packet of five pamphlets, 60c. (Packet not broken.)

Girls' Circle—*Move On, Youth,* Cloth $1.00; paper 60c.

Junior Beginners—*Children of the Harvest.* Cloth $1.00; paper 50c.

Older Junior—*Across The Fruited Plain.* Cloth $1.00; paper 50c.

FOREIGN—

Adult — *Dangerous Opportunity,* Cloth, $1.00; paper, 60c.

Girls' Circle—*Stand By For China,* Cloth, $1.00; paper, 60c.

Junior Beginners — *The Yellow Friendly Book,* Boards, 40c.

Older Junior—*Bright Sky Tomorrow,* Cloth $1.00; paper, 50c.

Please refer to September Magaizne for list of leaders' helps and supplementary material.

LEADER'S HELPS

Discussion and Program Suggestions on China — Silverthorn, Adult, 25c.

Course on China — Clarke, Young People and Seniors, 25c.

Junior Teachers' Guide on China, based on "Bright Sky Tomorrow," 25c.

Primary Teachers' Guide on China, based on "Yellow Friendly Book," 25c.

Discussion and Program Suggestions, Adult, on "Shifting Popualtions" (Uprooted Americans), 25c.

Course for Young People and Seniors, on "Move On, Youth," 25c.

Junior Teacher's Guide on Migrants, 25c.

Primary Teacher's Guide on Migrants, 25c.

MAPS

Missionary Wall Map of China, 36"x46". Locates mission stations, 60c.

Outline Maps of China, large size, 28"x32", 25c; small size, for individual use, 25c per dozen.

Picture Map of China, illustrated map to be colored, 36"x50", 50c.

Picture Map of United States, illustrated map to be colored.

Migrant Map — "Migrants: Their Labor and Their Needs," small), 5c.

Outline Map of United States, (showing state boundaries) 36"x 50", 30c.

China Paper Dolls—A boy and a girl with changes of costume for each, attractively printed in color. Each 15c.

Please note: The China Teaching Pictures mentioned by Mrs. McMunn in the Junior Missionary Magazine are now out of print.

FOR DECEMBER PROGRAMS

This November Magazine carries helpful and interesting articles developing the program outline for the December meeting. In addition we offer: *Children of the Christmas Spirit* — A dramatization requiring 12 children of 7 to 13 years, and one young woman. Price 15c.

Christmas Customs in Many Lands, 10c.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

February 29, 1941

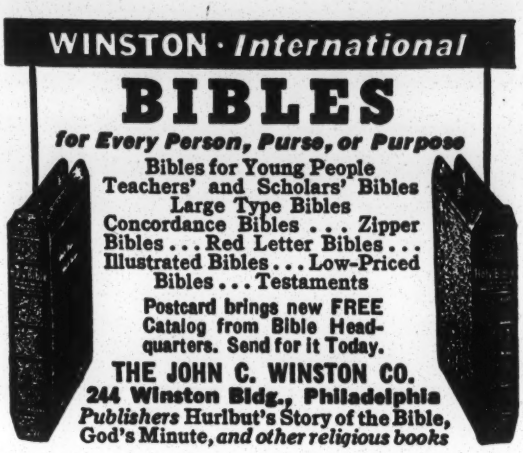
Theme—*Thy Kingdom Come*

We shall be able to supply you with the usual program material. At this writing (October 9) prices are not available.

Note to *Presbyterial Literature Secretaries*: Hereafter the Literature Department bears the postage expense on packages of literature for presbtyerial literature tables. Secretaries will write check of money order for amount of sales *less* the amount required for postage on return package.

Questionnaire

1. Where was the Shepherd scene re-enacted?
2. Missionaries and soldiers at a Christmas service—Where?
3. "Christmas must have gone to bed with me"—Whose saying?
4. "As of angels' voices—Was it a beautiful illusion or merely a dream?" Where?
5. Where do rich and poor alike sit down to Christmas dinner?
6. How many shoes did the "ravens" bring?
7. Who used "drums, cymbals, flutes, and tambourines" in Christmas carolling?
8. Why did a woman change her Christmas shopping list?
9. Why does Hawaii need our prayers especially at this time?
10. What message has a refugee German mother to women of all lands?
11. Whose dream has come true in the Sudan?
12. What did an Indian woman mean: "He is selling his land and eating up his money?
13. Where were the lepers cleansed and entertained?
14. Where did a refugee win a college professor to Christ?
15. Where is there a new Young Women's Missionary Society?
16. In what hospital has an electric sterilzer been installed — and whose gift?
17. Five hundred people at a picnic —Where?
18. How many girls received Bibles as prizes for committing to memory and reciting 500 Bible verses?
19. Where is a xylophone used in the church service?
20. Where have there been "blackouts" and sandstorms?
21. To what school has a new Diesel engine been sent?
22. Where was there a lovely "fishing" party?
23. Where were the Ten Commandments painted on a wall?
24. What has been the decrease of milk consumption in the U. S. since 1933?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Tributes

MRS. ELIZABETH MAGILL

"We, the members of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Homer City, Pa., wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Magill who was called to her reward March 13, 1940.

She was the wife of our former beloved pastor, Rev. D. E. Magill and served our society as president for many years. At the time of her death she was Temperance Secretary and although not able to be present at many meetings for some time she never failed to send her contribution to be read in the meeting. She also had served in other capacities, in the Sabbath School as teacher, and in the Young People's Work.

We greatly miss her but we appreciate the years of association we have had with her and the memory of her faithfulness will still remain.

To her son and daughter we extend our sincere sympathy.

Committee.

MRS. JULIA RICHARDSON

The Women's Missionary Society of Redding, Iowa, wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Julia Richardson who was called to her heavenly home, June 24, 1940.

In paying tribute to her memory we are inspired by her long life of deepest devotion to her Master.

For many years she served as Temperance Secretary for our society. She was an ardent worker in the Temperance and Reform Movement.

To know Mrs. Richardson was to experience the warm clasp of her hand, the kind welcome smile and an invitation to attend the church services each Sabbath.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Proverbs 31: 28,29.

Mrs. A. T. Mekemson
Mrs. S. A. Derickson
Mrs. J. C. Galloway
Committee.

MRS. SARAH CATHERINE SHAW RAMSDALE
MRS. ELIZABETH MORWICK THURSBY

The Woman's Missionary Society of the U. P. Church, Riverside, Calif., notes with regret, the passing of two faithful members who have recently been called home.

Mrs. Ramsdale, wife of Joseph C. Ramsdale, died July 22nd. She was a charter member of our church, also of the W.M.S. She was loyal and devoted to both. A lover of the Psalms. Always a tither and never neglectful of her offerings even when illness prevented her presence. She was a woman of strong Christian character.

Mrs. Thursby, wife of C. M. Thursby, died September 5th. She was a great Christian worker, gave freely of her time and talents in the Master's service. Was a most efficient teacher of "teen age" girls. She was our Thank Offering Secretary for many years. She found a large field for her varied talents through social activities of the church, ever planning pleasant surprises for young and old.

To their bereaved families we extend our loving sympathy.

"Their memory now has sweeter grown
By thoughts and deeds that they had sown."

Mrs. Helen C. Gordon
Mrs. Flora Hawthorne
Mrs. Minnie P. Bigger

MISS SARAH McASEE

The Savior's last call came to Miss Sarah McAsee, a member of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of San Diego, California. Gentleness, kindness, thoughtfulness were some of her characteristics; but that for which she will be longest remembered was her faithfulness in church attendance often bringing others with her.

Committee

MRS. WM. MOLLESTON

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Verona, Pa., wishes to pay a tribute of love and respect to the memory of Mrs. Wm. Molleston who was called to her heavenly home August 6, 1940. She was quiet and unassuming and was loved by all who knew her. We extend our tender sympathy to her bereaved husband and children. We humbly commend them to Our Heavenly Father who said, "I will not leave you comfortless." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Mrs. H. M. Willison
Mrs. R. L. Long
Mrs. E. C. Pottinger

MISS FRANCES C. BRUNNER

We, the members of the Bethel Allegheny Woman's Missionary Society wish to pay tribute to the memory of Miss Frances C. Brunner, who answered the call of her Master September 13, 1940.

Humbly she walked with God asking little, yet giving much. She was a faithful member of the Sabbath School, the Women's Missionary Society and the Church. Her love of life, her understanding of humanity, her word of sympathy, her

devotion to the Church will remain an inspiration to all who knew her.

We know she has heard her Master's "Well done" in the heavenly home, where she waits, more beautiful, more precious than before.

May the God of all comfort, who has comforted us in every affliction, comfort her loved ones in this sad hour.

Mrs. Larimer D. Carlisle
Mrs. John B. Jamison
Mrs. John D. Graham
Mrs. Anthony W. Ruggiers

MRS. CLARA BELLE GIBSON

The members of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Kansas, wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Clara B. Gibson who on May 2nd of 1940 left her earthly house to enter the house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. Mrs. Gibson was a member of this Women's Missionary Society since 1898 when she came here from Andrew, Iowa, where she had lived all of her earlier life and where she was married. Her beautiful Christian character was an inspiration to all with whom she came in contact.

Always willing to do all for others, forgetful of self and ever kind. We remember her when active, as regular in attendance, faithful to duty, and loyal to her church.

The last few years she had been confined to her home, from ill health, but she never lost interest in her church or her friends.

Our lives are made richer, more like the Master's because of her devoted life and we shall ever cherish her memory.

"They never leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love."

Mrs. Janette Cuthbertson
Mrs. C. E. Banta
Mrs. J. A. Gibson

MRS. MARY PARKER
MRS. JENNIE GEIGER

The Women's Missionary Society and members of the Stewart Station United Presbyterian Church of Trafford, Pa., wish to pay loving tribute to two of our most valued and loyal workers, Mrs. Mary Parker and Mrs. Jennie Geiger, who were called home to be with their Lord and Master whom they loved and served.

Both of them were ever ready with heart, hand, money and strength, to cheerfully perform any and every task they saw needing to be done.

They gave of their very best to the Master in living service for their church in every department of her work.

Mrs. Parker was President of the Women's Bible class, and was always alert, calling on members and reaching out for new members, as well as very attentive in calling on the Home department members and bringing them good cheer. She also was attentive to the social meetings of the class to be sure every one enjoyed a good time at the meetings.

Mr. Geiger was called home very suddenly several years before. Mrs. Geiger was one of the valued teachers in the primary department of the Sabbath School for over 26 years. She was also assistant superintendent of the Junior Missionary Society. She loved and enjoyed working with the children, and the children loved her dearly.

We miss their happy faces, willing hearts and prayers more than words can express. They were always in their places at church every Sabbath, encouraging the work they loved, yet while we miss them we rejoice with them, for we read in God's Word "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Again Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Comforting thought! "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." We rejoice in the assurance that they are at home with Jesus whom they loved and served so faithfully.

We would express to Mr. Parker and family, and to the family and friends of Mrs. Geiger our sincere sympathy and love for them in their loneliness and bereavement and would commend them to Him who comforteth all who mourn.

Miss Margaret Euwer
Mrs. Charles Kunkel
Mrs. H. N. Cornes.

MRS. ANNA HASTINGS

Mrs. Anna Hastings, a Life Member of the Women's General Missionary Society was called home July 11, 1940, and memory makes prominent some of the ideals of her life.

She was for fifty years a loyal, faithful member of the missionary society, her interest and enthusiaism for the work of the Kingdom was evident in this long continuous membership and in service in different departments of the work.

For a number of years Mrs. Hastings was Superintendent of the Junior Mission-

ary Society at Cedarville, Ohio, and for several years was Secretary of Junior work in Xenia Presbyterial. She was for a time Treasurer of the Second Xenia Missionary Society.

The faithful service, the cheer, the helpfulness and interest in the cause of missions are worthy of emulation.

Therefore, we the members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Second United Presbyterian Church of Xenia, Ohio, extend our sincerest sympathy to her bereaved daughter and family and commend them to the wondrous comfort of hope laid up in Heaven and the assurance of the Word that "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Miss Leila Quinn
Miss Margaret Moorehead

MRS. JASPER MAGERS

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Moundsville, West Virginia, wishes to pay a tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Joseph Magers who was called home July 22, 1940.

A great loss was suffered by our society and by our entire church when Mrs. Magers was called from our midst.

She was known by her beautiful prayer life and we know that her prayers went straight to the Throne of God. She manifested to all her love for her Savior.

The life and service of "Hilda," as she was familiarly called, will ever be remembered by the members of our society. To her husband and mother we extend our sincere sympathy.

Committee.

MRS. JESSIE GRIMES

We, the members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Mt. Hope U. P. Church, Avella, Penna., wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Jessie Grimes, who was called home June 28, 1940. A loving friend, a faithful neighbor, one whose hand was never withheld in the hour of need.

She was "Aunt Jess" to young and old alike, beloved especially by every child.

She was active in the work of the church having served as trustee for several years, and as Cradle Roll Superintendent in the Sabbath School.

We greatly miss her radiant smile and cheerful laughter but we rejoice in her release from pain, and Heaven is richer and nearer because our friend is there.

The Society desires to extend its sympathy to the bereaved husband, the relatives and her many friends.

Fold up the tent,
Above the mountains crest,
I hear a voice calling, calling clearly
'To rest! To rest!'
And I am glad to go,
For the lamp burns low,
And rest is best."

(John Oxenham).

Mrs. Verner Smith,
Mrs. Harry Crupe.
Committee.

MISS EFFIE KEMNER

The Women's Missionary Society of the Greenville United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Miss Effie Kemner
who passed from this life August 1, 1940.

Her life like that of Martha of old was one of service and devotion. She served long and well.

"A woman that feaeth Jehovah, she shall be praised."

Committee.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

(Continued From Page 177)

in this memorial and Miss Susie Young's sister—Mrs. A. T. Brown of Paullina, Iowa—completed this fund of One Thousand Dollars. This seems to us a very suitable memorial for one who devoted her life to teaching and telling the Way of Life to the women and children of India.

We are sorry to know that Miss Adah Boggs, R.N., was ill during her vacation time in the hills and that it was necessary for her to go to the hospital for an operation. We are glad to learn, however, that she has been making a good recovery.

Miss Hazel Bennett was booked to sail for her work in India late in October, accompanying Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Colvin and daughter. Let us remember in our daily prayers all these workers who are traveling on dangerous seas and also our missionaries who are serving in dangerous places in our fields abroad.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

(c-o American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

INDIA

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1921—Sialkot City
Miss Helen Artman, 1920—Sialkot City
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920—Martinpur
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912—Abbottabad
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921—Sialkot City
Miss Adah P. Boggs, R.N., 1938—Taxila
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931—Sargodha
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927, 1937—Lyallpur
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922—Sialkot City
Miss Lois Buchanan, 1910—Pathankot
Miss Marie Cash, R.N., 1926—Pasrur
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925—Sialkot City
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1918—Zafarwal
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1918—Sargodha
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922—Pathankot
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930—Campbellpur
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938—Lyallpur
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896—Sialkot City
Miss Janette Howland, 1921—Campbellpur
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921—Sialkot City
Miss Flora Jameson, 1908—Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904—Pasrur
Miss Olive Laing, 1912—Rawalpindi
Miss Sarah Jane Lamont, 1928—Pathankot
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1932—Sialkot City
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938—Badomali
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N., 1931—Jhelum
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902—Jhelum
Miss E. Marjorie McCrory, 1936—Gujranwala
Miss Margaret Murdoch, 1924—Sheikhupura
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930—Rawalpindi
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921—Pathankot
Miss Grace N. Ranson, 1936—Sangla Hill
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924—Sangla Hill
Miss Louise Scott, 1916—Gujranwala
Miss Vivian Trimble, 1921—Pathankot
Miss Ruth A. Warnock, 1913, 1936—Sargodha
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928—Zarfarwal
Miss Georga Wengert, 1920—Gurdaspur
Miss Dora B. Whitely, 1911—Pasrur

HONORARY RETIRED MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884—626 Baltimore St., Waterloo, Iowa

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908—1860 Perrott Ave., N.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918—Biblical Seminary, 235 E. 49th St., New York
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N., 1924—57 Broadway, Frostburg, Md.
Miss Mary Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920—1502 Penn Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1938—650 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918—Kennedy School of Missions, McKenzie Hall, Hartford, Conn.

RETIRED

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881—231 Franklin St., Slippery Rock, Pa.
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897—Tarkio, Mo.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893—Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Mary Lawrence, 1893, c/o Mrs. R. E. Ayers, New Concord, Ohio
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891—Rushville, Ind.
Miss Rosa McCullough, 1879—Greenwood, Mo.

EGYPT

Miss Margaret A. Bell, 1901—Faiyum
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1934—Assiut
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1918—Benha
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905—Assiut
Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922—Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926—Faiyum
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919—Beni Suef
Miss Davida Finney, 1915—Assiut
Miss Elsie French, 1909—Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1922—Assiut
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929—Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924—Cairo
Miss A. Constance Harper, 1937—Benha
*Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899—Assiut
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921—Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915—Cairo
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901—Cairo
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919—Cairo
Miss E. McKibben, R.N., 1924—Tanta
Miss Mabel McMichael, 1937—Tanta
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906—Beni Suef
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1928—Cairo
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902—Tanta
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924—Minia
Miss Frances Patton, 1922—Mansura
Miss Stella Robertson, 1922—Cairo
Martha A. Roy, 1938—Luxor
Miss Edna B. Sherriff, 1920—Alexandria
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911—Cairo
Miss Mary M. Stevenson, 1939—Cairo
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939—Cairo
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930—Assiut
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904—Mansura
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919—Alexandria
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1913—Luxor
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919—Luxor
Mrs. Margaret J. Work, 1939—Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904—Assiut
Miss Laura Wright, 1921—Tanta

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

*Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911—926 E. 1st St., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909—Kennedy School of Missions, McKenzie Hall, Hardford, Conn.
*Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894—121 N. 7th St., Sterling, Kan.
Miss Alta G. French, 1925—Goldfield, Iowa
Miss Alfretta M. Hammond, 1904—State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926—960—3rd Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918—1003 Milton Ave., Swissvale, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Lillian McClelland, 1923—1011 S. Parkview St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Miss Helen J. Nordewier, 1921, Kennedy School of Missions, McKenzie Hall, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Rachel Tracy Seiver, 1925—7961 Blackburn Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925—R.D. 5, Mercer, Pa.
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917—Tarkio, Mo.
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932—Lewis, Ia.

THE SUDAN

Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919—Khartum North
Miss Una Coie, 1918—Khartum North
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1939—Doleib Hill
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912—Doleib Hill
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924—Nasir
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1926—Khartum North
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911—Wad Medani
Miss Ellen P. Smith, 1938—Kartoum North
Miss C. Blanche Soule—Nasir
Miss Frances Turk, R.N.—Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Isabel Blair, 1922—Biblical Seminary, 235 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922—Box 11, Ellwood City, Pa
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930—Morgan Hill, Calif.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES UNDER THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

(c-o American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

EGYPT

Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Bailey—Minia
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Elder—Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. Dalton Galloway—Beni Suef
Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Gilmor—Alexandria
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Grice—Cairo
Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Jamieson—Tanta
Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Kelsey—Fayoum
Rev. and Mrs. James E. Kinnear—Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. F. C. McClanahan—Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. N. D. McClanahan—Assiut
Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson McCutchan—Assiut
Prof. and Mrs. M. C. McFeeters—Assiut
Rev. and Mrs. H. A. McGeoch—Benha
Rev. and Mrs. Willis A. McGill—Cairo
Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Moore—Tanta
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin—Alexandria
Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Philips—Alexandria
*Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Reed—Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Russell—Assiut
Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Skellie—Luxor
Dr. and Mrs. F. Scott Thompson—Assiut

ON FURLOUGH

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Acheson—322 W. Manheim St., Germantown, Phila., Pa.
*Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Fairman—"Kenwood" The Laurels, Singer, Bucknell, Salop, England
Dr. and Mrs. H. K. Giffen—2085 Adelbert Road, Cleveland, Ohio
*Rev. S. G. Hart, D.D.—New Wilmington, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. F. D. Henderson—542 N. Bever St., Wooster, Ohio
*Dr. L. M. Henry—Milroy, Indiana
Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Hickman—310 E. Detroit Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchison—Claysville, Pa.
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Jamison—New Wilmington, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Laughead—408 Melrose Court, Iowa City, Iowa
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin—44 Alexander St., Princeton, N. J.
Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Thompson—New Concord, O.
Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Thompson—1523 Jefferson Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

PUNJAB, INDIA

Dr. and Mrs. D. E. Alter—Woodstock School, Landour, Mussoorie
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Alter—Zafarwal
Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Bergsma—Taxila
Rev. and Mrs. James D. Brown—Rawalpindi
Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell—Pasrur
Rev. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Christy—Sheikhupura
Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Clements—Badomali
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Colvin—Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Cummings—Rawalpindi
Prof. and Mrs. W. J. Downs—Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Foster—Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. J. A. McArthur—Gurdaspur
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Maxwell—Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. Paul A. Miller—Sialkot
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merriam—Gujranwala
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Millson—Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. Hugh M. Milne—Gujranwala
Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Picken—Sargodha
*Rev. E. L. Porter, D.D.—Sialkot
Miss Gwynaeth R. Porter, R.N.—Sialkot
Rev. and Mrs. Jay W. Ranson—Sangla Hill
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Ross—Lyallpur
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart—Dhariwal
Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart—Gujranwala
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart—Pathankot
Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Stewart—Rawalpindi
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Sutherland—Campbellpur
Mr. F. A. Whitfield—Gujranwala

ON FURLOUGH

*Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Brown—R. F. D., Camp Creek, Greeneville, Tenn.
*Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Chambers—Street, Maryland
*Rev. and Mrs. Osborne Crowe—New Wilmington, Pa.
*Rev. D. R. Gordon, D.D.—2330 Carroll Park, S., Long Beach, Cal.
Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Heinrich—5841 Maryland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
*Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Martin New Concord, Ohio
*Dr. and Mrs. J. H. McConnelee—500 Schaff Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
*Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Nesbitt—288 Elmwood Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
Mrs. F. A. Whitfield—205 E. Normal, Lindsborg, Kansas

THE SUDAN

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Adair—Nasir, Sobat River
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Anderson—Wad Medani
Dr. and Mrs. V. F. Dougherty—Nasir, Sobat River
Rev. and Mrs. Leander Finley—Omdurman
Rev. and Mrs. K. Glen Fleming—Doleib Hill, Malakal
Rev. and Mrs. W. D. McClure—Doleib Hill, Malakal, Sudan
Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Shields—Khartum, Sudan

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Heasty—18 E. Main St., Sterling, Kansas
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McKnight—2010 Green St., Allentown, Pa.
Dr. and Mrs. Paul J. Smith—315 Winona Ave., Germantown, Phila., Pa.
*Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Sowash—Owings Mills, Md.

ETHIOPIA

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Cremer—46 Haledon Ave., Paterson, N. J.
Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Henry—Addis Abeba

(*) Retired from active service.

★

A Little Time Apart

★

The Announcement by Plockhorst

Love and Peace

Love gave to us the Son of God—
The Prince of Peace who this earth trod.
He lived to bless and died to save:
Thus hope to hopeless men He gave.

Love gave to us a song to sing
About the birth of Christ our King—
A song of peace and of good will,
A song this war-torn world needs still.

Love gave to us the Christmas time
With song of peace for every clime;
To sing this song let us not cease
Till cruel war shall yield to peace.

(Mrs. C. W.) Elsie Wehling Fulton,
Secretary of Prayer Groups.

At The Manger

O Christmas Child.
So roughly cradled here,
Born, undefiled,
Of Maiden-Mother dear;
None dreamed Thy true estate,
None dreamed Thee to be great,
There in Thy swaddling bands,
In far-off Eastern lands,
Save that wise Mother-heart,
To whom the Angel's word
Revealed Thee as the Lord
And Saviour that Thou art.
We praise Thee, Thee we bless,
And worship and confess
As God and Lord on high,
Whom Angels, in the sky,
And men on earth adore;
But for this single day
Our lingering hearts will stay
Within the stable door
Where, as a Baby, laid,
Thy humanness has made
All human hearts Thine own;
There, where all helpless shown,
Thou madest manger, Throne;
Blessing all cradles upon earth,
Blessing each child of human birth,
Giving new meaning to the mirth
Of motherhood, and so,
Filling all hearts, both high and low,
With a fresh sense of childhood's grace
Reflected from Thine infant face.

Wm. Croswell Doane.